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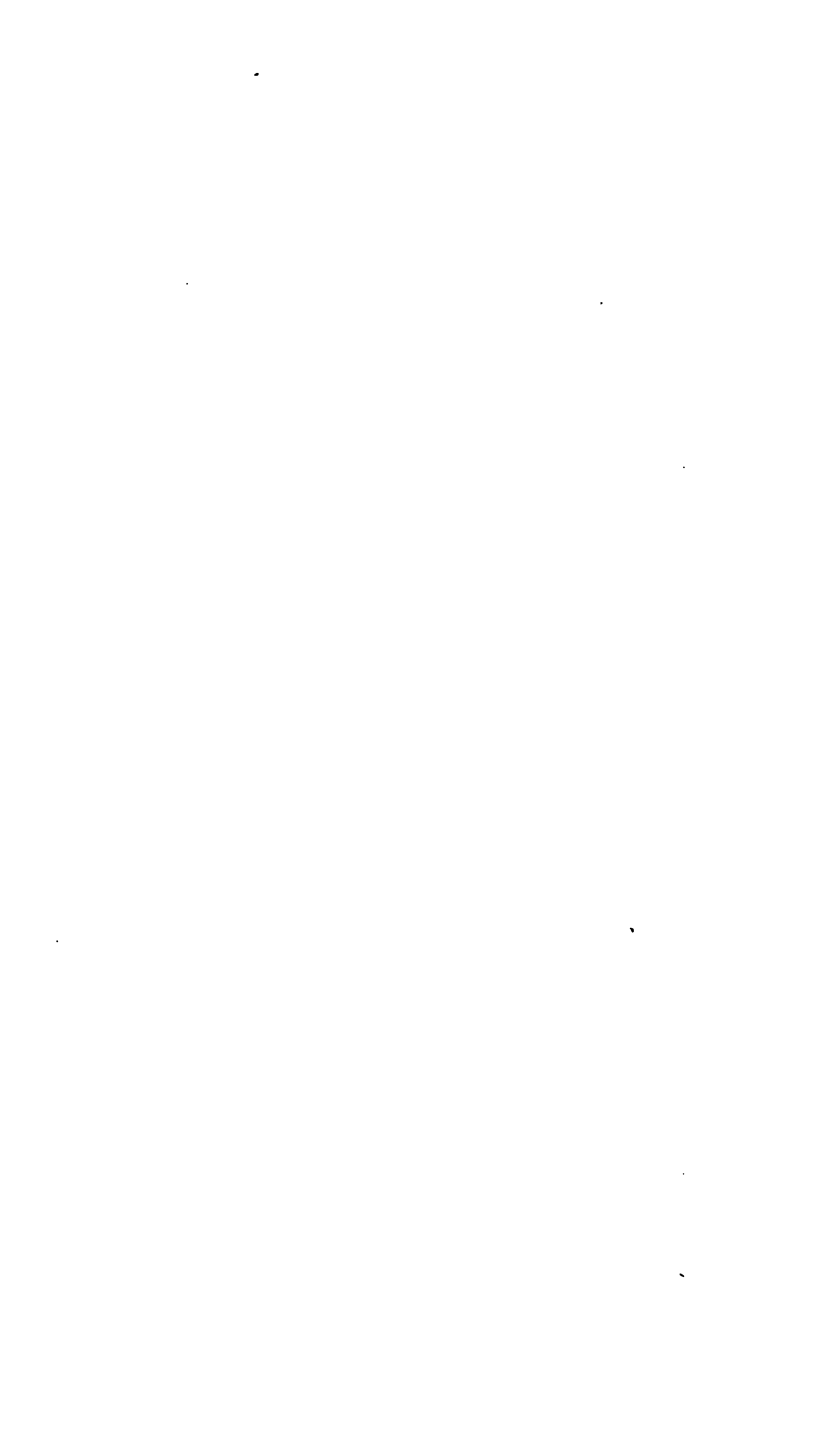
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POETICAL REMAINS

OF THE LATE

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY HER MOTHER:

WITH A BIOGRAPHY,

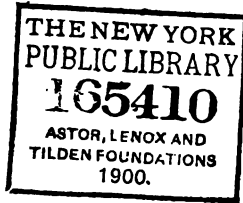
BY

MISS SEDGWICK.

"Death, as if fearing to destroy,
Paused o'er her couch awhile;
She gave a tear for those she loved
Then met him with a smile."

A NEW EDITION, REVISED.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA AND BLANCHARD.
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DEDICATION.

TO

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQUIRE.

DEAR SIR :—

Since the publication of my daughter Margaret's Poems, I have been solicited to revive the writings of my lamented Lucretia. The public has manifested so much interest, and expressed such unqualified admiration of their merits, and so much forbearance in criticising the errors of these juvenile productions, that I feel myself, in a measure, bound to comply with their wishes. As a testimony of my grateful respect, will you permit me, sir, to dedicate this little volume to you, with the sincere and united thanks of my family, for the truly touching and elegant manner in which you have executed your voluntary task.

I am called upon for a life of my Lucretia. Broken as I am in health and spirits, I am not equal to the effort; but the kindness of Miss Sedgwick has obviated that difficulty, and I am happy in being able to substitute the following elegantly written memoir from the pen of that highly gifted lady, which is incorporated in Sparks's American Biography, for the broken and unconnected narrative which a grief-worn, and almost broken-hearted mother would have produced

I have merely strength to slightly remark upon the circumstances under which some few of her poems were written; and should the imperfect manner in which this little volume is "got up," form a painful contrast to your elegant work, I trust an indulgent and discriminating community will make every allowance for its inefficiency. The forbearance, and even approbation in some instances, manifested by Mr. Southey, in his Review of her former publication, to which Professor Morse prefixed a brief sketch of her life, leads me to hope, that the same indulgence will be granted to this little tribute of maternal love;—a feeble monument of a mourning mother to the talents and virtues of a darling child.

I have felt much diffidence in presenting these manuscripts to the public, in their present imperfect and unfinished state; but the circumstances under which many of them were written, condemned and partly destroyed by herself, as if unworthy to hold a place among her papers, her extreme youth and loveliness, and the melancholy fact of her dying before she had time to complete others, will, I trust, make them not less interesting to the reader of taste and feeling.

The allegory of "Alphonso in search of Learning," was written at the age of eleven. It was suggested to her infant mind by seeing a cupola erected upon the Plattsburgh Academy, upon which was painted the Temple of Science.

The poem of "Chicomico" was written after a severe illness, which confined me many months to

my bed, during which time Lucretia made a resolution that if I ever should recover, she would give up her "scribbling," as she called it, and devote herself to me; at my earnest entreaty, however, she resumed her pen, and the first thing she produced was *Chicomico*, prefaced by the following lines:

"I had thought to have left *thee*, my sweet harp, for ever;
To have touched thy dear strings again—never—oh, never!
To have sprinkled oblivion's dark waters upon thee,
To have hung thee where wild winds would hover around thee;
But the voice of affection hath call'd forth one strain,
Which when sung, I will leave thee to silence again."

This beautiful tribute of affection has ever been one of the most cherished relics of my child, and I deeply regret* that the irregular and unconnected state of the manuscript obliges me to withhold the whole of the first part.

The ballad of "De Courcy and Wilhelmine" was written for a weekly paper, which she issued for the amusement of the family. It was dated from "The Little Corner of the World," edited by the Story-Teller, and dedicated to Mamma. After a time it was discontinued, and to my extreme regret destroyed. The fragment inserted in the collection, is one of the very few remnants found among her manuscripts; the first sixteen verses are purely original; the sequel was supplied by a friend, it being deemed too fine to be rejected for want of mere filling out. Lucretia's diffidence, and the apprehension that the circumstances might transpire or the papers be read by some friend out of the

family, was, I believe, the sole reason why she discontinued and destroyed them. This mutilated paper, and a part of Rodin Hall, are all that remain of the "Story-Teller."

Her sweetly playful disposition is strongly manifested in her "Petition of the Old Comb." She had retired to her room with her books and pen, where she had spent several days. Feeling a desire to see how she was getting on, I went to her room. As I passed through the hall, I saw a sealed letter directed to me, lying at the foot of the stairs; I opened it, and found it contained the "Petition of a Poor Old Comb."

Dear mistress, I am old and poor, •
 My teeth decayed and gone;
 Oh! give me but one moment's rest,
 For mark, I'm tott'ring down.

Thy raven locks for many a day,
 I've bound around thy brow;
 And now that I am old and lame,
 I prithee let me go.

Have I not, many a weary hour,
 Peep'd o'er thy book or pen;
 And seen what this poor mangled form
 Will ne'er behold again?

A faithful servant I have been,
 But ah! my day is past;
 And all my hope, and all my wish,
 Is liberty at last.

Mark but the glittering well-fill'd shelf
 Where my companions lie;
 Are they not fairer than myself,
 And younger far than I?

Oh! then in pity hie thee there,
 Where thousands wait thy call,
 And twine one in thy raven hair,
 To shroud my shameful fall.

My days are hast'ning to their close,
 Crack! crack! goes every tooth;
 A thousand pains, a thousand woes,
 Remind me of my youth.

Adieu then—in distress I die—
 My last hold fails me now;
 Adieu, and may thy elf locks fly
 For ever 'round thy brow.

On reading it, I went up stairs and found her enveloped in books and manuscripts. Several large folios lay open on the table, to which she seemed to have been referring; while books, papers and scraps of poetry were strewn in confusion over the carpet. Her luxuriant hair had escaped from its confinement, and hung in rich glossy curls upon her neck and shoulders, while the superannuated comb lay at her feet. As I hastily entered the room, she manifested some mortification, that I should have surprised her in the midst of so much confusion, and throwing her handkerchief over her papers, laughingly asked, what I thought of the Petition? I advised her to send directly to the “well-filled glittering shelf,” as I had no desire to see the curse denounced verified, or her

“Elf locks fly
 For ever 'round her brow.”

“Maritorne, or the Pirate of Mexico,” was written in Albany, during her stay at the Institution of Miss Gilbert, at a time when she was ill, in the brief space of three weeks, while getting daily lessons like any other school girl. During that period, she also produced several fugitive pieces. She had been absent from home but six weeks when I was summoned to attend her: she had then been confined to her bed three weeks. On the morning after my arrival, she desired me to collect the scattered sheets of Maritorne, and expressed much sorrow when she found that some were missing. She told me with tears, that she feared she could never supply the loss, and said, “Do, mamma, take care of what remains; it is thus far the best thing I ever wrote.”

After her death, in her portfolio, which her nurse told me she used every day sitting in bed, supported by pillows, I found the “Last Farewell to my Harp,” and the “Fear of Madness,” both written in a feeble, irregular hand, and evidently under a state of strong mental excitement. By their side lay the unfinished head of a Madonna, copied from a painting executed several centuries ago, and with the drawing lay also the unfinished poem suggested by the painting—

“Roll back, thou tide of time, and tell.”

In the “Last Farewell to my Harp,” the presentiment of her death, if I may so term it, is strongly

portrayed, mingled with the feeling of presumption which she often manifested in having "dared to gaze"

"Upon the lamp which never can expire,
The undying, wild, poetic fire."

There is something extremely touching in the last stanzas.

"And here, my harp, we part for ever,
I'll waken thee again—oh! never;
Silence shall chain thee cold and drear,
And thou shalt calmly slumber here!"

The Fear of Madness."—The reader will find his sympathies all awakened upon perusing this unfinished fragment from the pen of the lovely sufferer. It leaves too painful a sensation upon the mind to admit a comment.

I have suppressed a very few of the poems heretofore published, and have added many new ones.

I have the honour to be,
Sir, your very sincere
and obliged friend,

M. M. D.

SARATOGA SPRINGS,
August, 1841.

This new Edition has been carefully revised, and the errors corrected. Upon the first publication of Amir Khan some few stanzas were omitted, in consequence of the difficulty of decyphering, or some other good cause. Those stanzas are here restored, according to the original design of the author.

M. M. D.

Saratoga Springs, March, 1843.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON was born at Plattsburgh, in the state of New York, on the 27th of September, 1808. Her father, Dr. Oliver Davidson, is a lover of science, and a man of intellectual tastes. Her mother, Margaret Davidson, (born Miller,) is of a most respectable family, and received the best education her times afforded, at the school of the celebrated Scottish lady, Isabella Graham, an institution in the city of New York, that had no rival in its day, and which derived advantages from the distinguished individual that presided over it, that can scarcely be counterbalanced by the multiplied masters and multi-form studies of the present day. The family of Miss Davidson lived in seclusion. Their pleasures and excitements were intellectual. Her mother has suffered year after year from ill health and debility; and being a person of imaginative character, and most ardent and susceptible feelings, employed on domestic incidents, and concentrated in maternal tenderness, she naturally loved and cherished her daughter's marvellous gifts, and added to the intensity of the fire with which her genius and her affections, mingling in one holy flame, burned till they consumed their mor-

tal investments. We should not have ventured to say thus much of the mother, who still survives to weep and to rejoice over her dead child more than many parents over their living ones, were it not to prove, that Lucretia Davidson's character was not miraculous, but that this flower of paradise was nurtured and trained by natural means and influences.

The physical delicacy of this fragile creature was apparent in infancy. When eighteen months old, she had a typhus fever, which threatened her life; but nature put forth its mysterious energy, and she became stronger and healthier than before her illness. No records were made of her early childhood, save that she was by turns very gay and very thoughtful, exhibiting thus early these common manifestations of extreme sensibility. Her first literary acquisition indicated her after course. She learned her letters at once. At the age of four she was sent to the Plattsburgh Academy, where she learned to read and to form letters in sand, after the Lancasterian method. As soon as she could read, her books drew her away from the plays of childhood, and she was constantly found absorbed in the little volumes that her father lavished upon her. Her mother, on some occasion, in haste to write a letter, looked in vain for a sheet of paper. A whole quire had strangely disappeared from the table on which the writing implements usually lay; she expressed a natural vexation. Her little girl came forward, confused, and said, "Mamma, I have used it." Her mother, knowing she had never been taught to write, was amazed, and asked what possible use she could have for it. Lucretia burst into tears, and replied that "she did not like to tell." Her mother respected the childish mystery, and made no farther inquiries. The paper continued to vanish, and the child was often observed with pen and ink,

still sedulously shunning observation. At last her mother, on seeing her make a blank book, asked what she was going to do with it? Lucretia blushed, and left the room without replying. This sharpened her mother's curiosity; she watched the child narrowly, and saw that she made quantities of these little books, and that she was disturbed by observation; and if one of the family requested to see them, she would burst into tears, and run away to hide her secret treasure.

The mystery remained unexplained till she was six years old, when her mother, in exploring a closet rarely opened, found behind piles of linen, a parcel of papers, which proved to be Lucretia's manuscript books. At first, the hieroglyphics seemed to baffle investigation. On one side of the leaf was an artfully-sketched picture; on the other, Roman letters, some placed upright, others horizontally, obliquely, or backwards, not formed into words, nor spaced in any mode. Both parents pored over them till they ascertained the letters were poetical explanations, in metre and rhyme, of the picture in the reverse. The little books were carefully put away as literary curiosities. Not long after this, Lucretia came running to her mother, painfully agitated, her face covered with her hands, and tears trickling down between her slender fingers—"Oh, mamma! mamma!" she cried, sobbing, "how could you treat me so? You have not used me well! My little books! you have shown them to papa,—Anne—Eliza, I know you have. Oh, what shall I do?" Her mother pleaded guilty, and tried to soothe the child by promising not to do so again: Lucretia's face brightened, a sunny smile played through her tears as she replied, "Oh, mamma, I am not afraid you will do so again, for I have burned them all;" and so she had! This reserve proceeded from nothing cold or exclusive in her character; never was

there a more loving or sympathetic creature. It would be difficult to say which was most rare, her modesty, or the genius it sanctified.——She did not learn to write till she was between six and seven; her passion for knowledge was then rapidly developing; she read with the closest attention, and was continually running to her parents with questions and remarks that startled them. At a very early age, her mother implanted the seeds of religion, the first that should be sown in the virgin soil of the heart. That the dews of Heaven fell upon them, is evident from the breathing of piety throughout her poetry, and still more from its precious fruit in her life. Her mother remarks, that, “from her earliest years, she evinced a fear of doing anything displeasing in the sight of God; and if, in her gayest sallies, she caught a look of disapprobation from me, she would ask, with the most artless simplicity, ‘Oh, mother, was that wicked?’”

There are very early, in most children’s lives, certain conventional limits to their humanity, only certain forms of animal life that are respected and cherished. A robin, a butterfly, or a kitten is a legitimate object of their love and caresses; but woe to the beetle, the caterpillar, or the rat that is thrown upon their tender mercies! Lucretia Davidson made no such artificial discriminations; she seemed to have an instinctive kindness for every living thing. When she was about nine, one of her schoolfellows gave her a young rat that had broken its leg in attempting to escape from a trap; she tore off a part of her pocket handkerchief, bound up the maimed leg, carried the animal home, and nursed it tenderly. The rat, in spite of the care of its little leech, died, and was buried in the garden, and honoured with the meed of a “melodious tear.” This lament has not been preserved; but one she wrote soon after, on the death

of a maimed pet Robin, is given here as the earliest record of her muse that has been preserved:—

ON THE DEATH OF MY ROBIN.

“Underneath this turf doth lie
 A little bird which ne'er could fly,
 Twelve large angle worms did fill
 This little bird, whom they did kill.
 Puss! if you should chance to smell
 My little bird from his dark cell,
 Oh! do be merciful my cat,
 And not serve him, as you did my rat!”

Her application to her studies at school was intense. Her mother judiciously, but in vain, attempted a diversion in favour of that legitimate sedative to female genius, the needle; Lucretia performed her prescribed tasks with fidelity, and with amazing celerity, and was again buried in her book.

When she was about twelve, she accompanied her mother to the celebration of Washington's birth-night. The music and decorations excited her imagination; but it was not with her, as with most children, the mere pleasure of stimulated sensations; she had studied the character and history of the father of her country, and the “fête” stirred up her enthusiasm, and inspired that feeling of actual existence, and presence peculiar to minds of her temperament.

To the imaginative there is an extension of life, far back into the dim past, and forward into the untried future, denied to those of common mould.

The day after the fête, her elder sister found her absorbed in writing. She had sketched an urn, and written two stanzas beneath it: she was persuaded to show them to her mother; she brought them, blushing and trembling; her mother was ill, in bed; but she expressed her delight with such unequivocal anima-

tion, that the child's face changed from doubt to rapture, and she seized the paper, ran away, and immediately added the concluding stanzas; when they were finished, her mother pressed her to her bosom, wept with delight, and promised her all the aid and encouragement she could give her; the sensitive child burst into tears. "And do you wish me to write, mamma? and will papa approve?—and will it be right that I should do so?" This delicate conscientiousness gives an imperishable charm to the stanzas, and to fix it in the memory of our readers, we here quote them from her published poems.

"And does a Hero's dust lie here?
Columbia! gaze and drop a tear!
His country's and the orphan's friend,
See thousands o'er his ashes bend!

"Among the heroes of the age,
He was the warrior and the sage!
He left a train of glory bright
Which never will be hid in night.

"The toils of war and danger past,
He reaps a rich reward at last;
His pure soul mounts on cherub's wings,
And now with saints and angels sings.

"The brightest on the list of fame
In golden letters shines his name;
Her trump shall sound it through the world,
And the striped banner ne'er be furled!

"And every sex, and every age,
From lisping boy, to learned sage,
The widow, and her orphan son,
Revere the name of Washington."

Lucretia did not escape the common trial of precocious genius. A literary friend to whom Mrs. Davidson showed the stanzas, suspected the child had, perhaps unconsciously, repeated something she

had gathered from the mass of her reading, and she betrayed her suspicions to Lucretia—she felt her recititude impeached, and this, and not the wounded pride of the young author, made her weep till she was actually ill; as soon as she recovered her tranquillity, she offered a poetic and playful remonstrance, which set the matter at rest, and put an end to all future question of the authenticity of her productions. Before she was twelve years old, she had read the English poets. “The English poets,” says Southey, in his review of Miss Davidson’s poems, though a vague term, was a wholesome course, for such a mind. She had read, beside, much history, sacred and profane, novels, and other works of imagination.—Dramatic works were particularly attractive to her; her devotion to Shakspeare is expressed in an address to him written about this time, from which we extract the following stanza:—

“Heaven, in compassion to man’s erring heart,
Gave thee of virtue, then of vice a part,
Lest we in wonder here, should bow before thee,
Break God’s commandment, worship and adore thee.”

Ordinary romances, and even those highly wrought fictions, that without any type in nature have such a mischievous charm for most imaginative young persons, she instinctively rejected; her healthy appetite, keen as it was, was under the government of a pure and sound nature. Her mother, always aware of the worth of the gem committed to her keeping, amidst her sufferings from ill health kept a watchful eye on her child, directed her pursuits, and sympathized in all her little school labours and trials; she perceived that Lucretia was growing pale and sickly over her studies, and she judiciously withdrew her, for a time, from school. She was soon rewarded for this wise measure by hearing her child’s bounding step as she

approached her sick room, and seeing the cheek bent over her pillow blooming with returning health. How miserably mistaken are those, who fancy that all the child's lessons must be learned from the school-book and school-room! This apt pupil of nature had only changed her books and her master; now, she sat at the feet of the great teacher, nature, and read, and listened, and thought, as she wandered along the Saranac, or contemplated the varying aspects of Cumberland Bay. She would sit for hours and watch the progress of a thunder-storm, from the first gathering of the clouds, to the farewell smile of the rainbow. We give a specimen of the impression of these studies in the following extract from her unpublished poems:

TWILIGHT.

How sweet the hour when daylight blends
 With the pensive shadows on evening's breast!
 And dear to this heart is the pleasure it lends,
 For 't is like the departure of saints to their rest.

Oh! 't is sweet, Saranac, on thy lov'd banks to stray,
 To watch the last day-beam dance light o'er thy wave,
 To mark the white skiff as it skims o'er the Bay,
 Or heedlessly bounds o'er the warrior's deep grave.*

Oh! 't is sweet to a heart, unentangled and light,
 When with hope's brilliant prospects the fancy is blest,
 To pause 'mid its day-dreams so witchingly bright,
 And mark the last sunbeams while sinking to rest.

The following, from her unpublished poems, is the result of the same pensive meditations.

* Cumberland Bay was the scene of a battle during the last war.

THE EVENING SPIRIT.

When the pale moon is shining bright,
 And nought disturbs the gloom of night,
 'Tis then upon yon level green,
 From which St. Clair's dark heights are seen,
 The Evening Spirit glides along,
 And chaunts her melancholy song;
 Or leans upon a snowy cloud,
 And its white skirts her figure shroud.
 By zephyrs light she's wafted far,
 And contemplates the northern star,
 Or gazes from her silvery throne,
 On that pale queen, the silent moon.
 Who is the Evening Spirit fair,
 That hovers o'er thy walls, St. Clair?
 Who is it, that with footstep light,
 Breathes the calm silence of the night?
 Ask the light zephyr who conveys
 Her fairy figure o'er the waves;
 Ask yon bright fleecy cloud of night,
 Ask yon pale planet's silver light,
 Why does the Evening Spirit fair
 Sail o'er the walls of dark St. Clair?

In her thirteenth year the clouds seemed heavily gathering over her morning; her mother, who had hitherto been her guide and companion, could no longer extend to her child the sympathy and encouragement which she needed. Lucretia was oppressed with the apprehension of losing this fond parent, who for weeks and months, seemed upon the verge of the grave. There are among her unpublished poems, some touching lines to her mother written I believe about this time, concluding thus:—

“Hang not thy harp upon the willow,
 That weeps o'er every passing wave;
 This life is but a restless pillow,
 There's calm and peace beyond the grave.”

As Mrs. Davidson's health gradually amended, with it returned her desire to give her daughter every means in her power to aid the development of her extraordinary genius. Her extreme sensibility and delicate health, subjected her, at times, to depressions of spirit; but she had nothing of the morbid dejection, the exclusiveness, and hostility to the world, that are the results of self-exaggeration, selfishness, and self-idolatry, and not the natural offspring of genius and true feeling, which, in their healthy state, are pure and living fountains flowing out in abundant streams of love and kindness.*

Indulgent as Mrs. Davidson was, she was too wise to permit Lucretia to forego entirely the customary employments of her sex. When engaged with these it seems she sometimes played truant with the muse; once she had promised to do a sewing task, and had eagerly run off for her work-basket; she loitered, and when she returned, she found her mother had done the work, and that there was a shade of just displeasure on her countenance. "Oh mamma!" she said, "I did forget, I am grieved, I did not mean to neglect you." "Where have you been, Lucretia?" "I have been writing," she replied, confused; "as I passed the window, I saw a solitary sweet pea, I thought they were all gone; this was alone; I ran to smell it, but before I could reach it a gust of wind broke the stem; I turned away disappointed, and was coming back to you; but as I passed the table there stood the inkstand, and I forgot you." If our readers will turn to her printed poems, and read the "Last Flower of the Garden,"

* Genius, like many other sovereigns, has been allowed the exercise of unreasonable prerogatives; but none perhaps much more mischievous, than the right to confer on self-indulgence the gracious name of sensibility.

they will not wonder that her mother kissed her, and bade her never resist a similar impulse.

When in her "happy moments," as she termed them, the impulse to write was irresistible — she always wrote rapidly, and sometimes expressed a wish that she had two pairs of hands, to record as fast as she composed. She wrote her short pieces standing, often three or four in a day, in the midst of the family, blind and deaf to all around her; wrapt in her own visions. She herself describes these visitations of her muse, in an address to her, beginning—

"Enchanted when thy voice I hear,
I drop each earthly care;
I feel as wafted from the world
To Fancy's realms of air."

When composing her long, and complicated poems, like "Amir Khan," she required entire seclusion; if her pieces were seen in the process of production, the spell was dissolved, she could not finish them, and they were cast aside as rubbish. When writing a poem of considerable length, she retired to her own apartment, closed the blinds, and in warm weather placed her Æolian harp in the window. Her mother has described her on one of these occasions, when an artist would have painted her as a young genius communing with her muse. We quote her mother's graphic description: "I entered the room—she was sitting with scarcely light enough to discern the characters she was tracing; her harp was in the window, touched by a breeze just sufficient to rouse the spirit of harmony; her comb had fallen on the floor, and her long dark ringlets hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders, her cheek glowed with animation, her lips were half unclosed, her full dark eye was radiant with the light of genius, and beaming with

sensibility, her head rested on her left hand, while she held her pen in her right—she looked like the inhabitant of another sphere; she was so wholly absorbed that she did not observe my entrance. I looked over her shoulder and read the following lines:

“What heavenly music strikes my ravish'd ear,
 So soft, so melancholy, and so clear?
 And do the tuneful nine then touch the lyre,
 To fill each bosom with poetic fire?
 Or does some angel strike the sounding strings
 Who caught from echo the wild note he sings?
 But ah! another strain, how sweet! how wild!
 Now rushing low, 't is soothing, soft, and mild.”

The noise I made in leaving the room roused her, and she soon after brought me her “Lines to an *Æolian Harp*.” During the winter of 1822 she wrote a poetical romance, entitled “*Rodri*.” She burned this, save a few fragments found after her death. These indicate a well-contrived story, and marked by the marvellous ease and grace that characterized her versification. During this winter she wrote also a tragedy, “*The Reward of Ambition*,” the only production she ever read aloud to her family. The following summer, her health again failing, she was withdrawn again from school, and sent on a visit to some friends in Canada. A letter, too long to be inserted here entire, gives a very interesting account of the impression produced on this little thoughtful and feeling recluse, by new objects and new aspects of society. “We visited,” says the writer, “the British fortifications at *Isle-aux-Noix*. The broad ditch, the lofty ramparts, the drawbridge, the covered gateway, the wide-mouthed cannon, the arsenal, and all the imposing paraphernalia of a military fortress, seemed connected in her mind with powerful associations of what she had read, but never viewed before. Instead

of shrinking from objects associated with carnage and death, like many who possess not half her sensibility, she appeared for the moment to be attended by the god of war, and drank the spirit of battles and sieges, with the bright vision before her eyes, of conquering heroes, and wreaths of victory." It is curious to see thus early the effect of story and song in overcoming the instincts of nature; to see this tender, gentle creature contemplating the engines of war, not with natural dread as instruments of torture and death, but rather as the forges by which triumphal cars and wreaths of victory were to be wrought. A similar manifestation of the effect of tradition and association on her poetic imagination is described in the following passages from the same letter. "She found much less in the Protestant than in the Catholic churches to awaken those romantic and poetic associations, created by the record of events in the history of antiquity and traditional story, and much less to accord with the fictions of her high-wrought imagination. In viewing the buildings of the city, or the paintings in the churches, the same uniformity of taste was observable. The modern, however beautiful in design or execution, had little power to fix her attention; while the grand, the ancient, the romantic, seized upon her imagination with irresistible power. The sanctity of time seemed, to her mind, to give a sublimity to the simplest objects; and whatever was connected with great events in history, or with the lapse of ages long gone by, riveted and absorbed every faculty of her mind. During our visit to the nunneries she said but little, and seemed abstracted in thought, as if, as she herself so beautifully expresses it, to

"Roll back the tide of time, and raise
The faded forms of other days."

“She had an opportunity of viewing an elegant collection of paintings. She seemed in ecstasies all the evening, and every feature beamed with joy.” The writer, after proceeding to give an account of her surprising success in attempts at pencil-sketches from nature, expresses his delight and amazement at the attainments of this girl of fourteen years in general literature, and at the independence and originality of mind that resisted the subduing, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the subordinating effect of this early intimacy with captivating models. A marvellous resistance, if we take into the account “that timid, retiring modesty,” which, as the writer of the letter says, “marked her even to painful excess.” Lucretia returned to her mother with renovated health, and her mind bright with new impressions and joyous emotions. Religion is the natural, and only sustaining element of such a character. Where, but at the ever fresh, sweet, and life-giving fountains of the Bible, could such a spirit have drunk, and not again thirsted? During the winter of 1823, she applied herself more closely than ever to her studies. She read the Holy Scriptures with fixed attention. She almost committed to memory the Psalms of David, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the book of Job, guided in her selection by her poetic taste. Byron somewhere pronounces the book of Job, the sublimest poetry on record. During the winter Miss Davidson wrote “A Hymn on Creation,” “The Exit from Egyptian Bondage,” and versified many chapters of the Bible. She read the New Testament, and particularly those parts of it that contained the most affecting passages in the history of our Saviour, with the deepest emotion.

In her intellectual pursuits and attainments only was she premature. She retained unimpaired, the

innocence, simplicity and modesty of a child. We have had descriptions of the extreme loveliness of her face, and gracefulness of her person, from less doubtful authority than a fond mother.

Our country towns are not regulated by the conventional systems of the cities, where a youthful beauty is warily confined to the nursery and the school till the prescribed age for *coming out*, the coup-de-theatre of every young city-woman's life arrives. In the country, as soon as a girl can contribute to the pleasures of society, she is invited into it. During the winter of 1823, Plattsburgh was gay, and Miss Davidson was eagerly sought to embellish the village dances. She had been at a dancing school, and, like most young persons, enjoyed excessively this natural exercise; for that may be called natural which exists among all nations, barbarous and civilized.

Mrs. Davidson has given an account of her daughter's first ball, which all young ladies, at least, will thank us for transcribing almost verbatim, as it places her more within the circle of their sympathies. Her mother had consented to her attending one or two public assemblies, in the hope they might diminish her extreme timidity, painful both to Lucretia and her friends. The day arrived; Mrs. Davidson was consulting with her eldest daughter upon the all-important matter of the dresses for the evening; Lucretia sat by, reading, without raising her eyes from the book, one of the *Waverly* novels. "Mamma, what shall Luly wear?" asked her eldest sister, calling her by the pretty diminutive by which they usually addressed her at home. "Come Lucretia, what colour will you wear to-night?" "Where?" "Where, why to the assembly, to be sure." "The assembly; is it to-night? so it is!" and she tossed away the book and danced about the room half wild with delight; her sister at length

called her to order, and the momentous question respecting the dress was definitely settled; she then resumed her reading, and giving no thought to the ball, she was again absorbed in her book. This did not result from carelessness of appearance, or indifference to dress; on the contrary she was rather remarkable for that nice taste, which belongs to an eye for proportion and colouring; and any little embellishment or ornament she wore was well chosen, and well placed; but she had the right estimate of the relative value of objects, which belongs to a superior mind. When the evening approached, the star of the ball again shone forth, she threw aside her book, and began the offices of the toilet with girlish interest, and it might be, with some heart-beating at the probable effect of the lovely face her mirror reflected. Her sister was to arrange her hair. Lucretia put on her dressing-gown to await her convenience; but when the time came, she was missing; "we called her in vain," says Mrs. Davidson; "at last, opening the parlour door, I distinctly saw, for it was twilight, some person sitting behind the large close stove; I approached, and found Lucretia writing poetry! moralizing on what the world calls pleasure! I was almost dumb with amazement—she was eager to go, delighted with the prospect of pleasure before her; yet she acted as if the time were too precious to spend in the necessary preparations, and she sat still, and finished the last stanza, while I stood by, mute with astonishment at this strange bearing in a girl of fourteen, preparing to attend her first ball, an event she had anticipated with so many mingled emotions." "She returned from the assembly," continues her mother, "wild with delight. 'Oh mamma,' she said 'I wish you had been there! when I first entered, the glare of light dazzled my eyes, my head whirled, and I felt as if I

were treading on air; all was so gay, so brilliant! but I grew tired at last, and was glad to hear sister say it was time to go home.'”

The next day the ball was dismissed from her mind, and she returned to her studies with her customary ardour. During the winter she read “Josephus,” Charles the Fifth, Charles Twelfth; read over Shakspeare, and various other works in prose and poetry; she particularly liked “Addison,” and read almost every day a portion of the Spectator. Her ardent love of literature seldom interfered with her social dispositions, *never* with her domestic affections; she was ever the life and joy of the home circle. Great demands were made on her feelings about this time, by two extraordinary domestic events; the marriage and removal of her elder sister, her beloved friend and companion; and the birth of another, the little Margaret, so often the fond subject of her poetry. New, and doubtless sanative emotions were called forth by this last event. The following lines from her published poems were written about this time.

Sweet babe! I cannot hope that thou 'lt be freed
From woes, to all since earliest time decreed;
But may'st thou be with resignation blessed,
To bear each evil, howsoe'er distressed.

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form;
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,
To the rude whirlwind softly whisper—cease!

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile;
Teach thee to look beyond this world of woe,
To Heaven's high fount whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of tears is safely passed,
 When death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,
 May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,
 And fly to seek the bosom of thy God.

The following lines, never before published, and, as we think, marked by more originality and beauty, were written soon after, and, as those above, with her infant sister in her lap. What a subject for a painter would this beautiful impersonation of genius and love have presented !

THE SMILE OF INNOCENCE.

(Written at the age of fifteen.)

There is a smile of bitter scorn,
 Which curls the lip, which lights the eye;
 There is a smile in beauty's morn,
 Just rising o'er the midnight sky.

There is a smile of youthful joy,
 When Hope's bright star's the transient guest;
 There is a smile of placid age,
 Like sunset on the billow's breast.

There is a smile—the maniac's smile,
 Which lights the void which reason leaves,
 And like the sunshine through a cloud,
 Throws shadows o'er the song she weaves.

There is a smile, of love, of hope,
 Which shines a meteor through life's gloom;
 And there's a smile, Religion's smile,
 Which lights the weary to the tomb.

There is a smile, an angel's smile,
 That sainted souls behind them leave.
 There is a smile which shines thro' toil,
 And warms the bosom though in grief;

And there's a smile on nature's face,
 When evening spreads her shades around ;
 A pensive smile when twinkling stars
 Are glimmering thro' the vast profound.

But there's a smile, 't is sweeter still,
 'T is one far dearer to my soul ;
 It is a smile which angels might
 Upon their brightest list enrol.

It is the smile of innocence,
 Of sleeping infancy's light dream ;
 Like lightning on a summer's eve,
 It sheds a soft and pensive gleam.

It dances round the dimpled cheek,
 And tells of happiness within ;
 It smiles what it can never speak,
 A human heart devoid of sin.

The three last most beautiful stanzas must have been inspired by the sleeping infant on her lap, and they seem to have reflected her soul's image ; as we have seen the little inland lake catch and give back the marvellous beauty of the sunset clouds. "Soon after her marriage," says Mrs. Davidson, "her sister, Mrs. Townsend, removed to Canada, and many circumstances combined to interrupt her literary pursuits, and call forth, not only the energies of her mind, but to develop the filial devotion and total sacrifice of all selfish feelings, which gave a new and elevated tone to her character, and showed us that there was no gratification either in pursuance of mental improvement, or personal ease, but must bend to her high standard of filial duty." Her mother was very ill, and, to add to the calamity, her monthly nurse was taken sick, and left her—the infant, too, was ill. Lucretia sustained her multiplied cares with firmness and efficiency: the conviction that she was doing her

duty gave her strength almost preternatural. I shall again quote her mother's words, for I fear to enfeeble by any version of my own, the beautiful example of this conscientious little being. "Lucretia astonished us all; she took her station in my sick room, and devoted herself wholly to the mother and the child; and when my recovery became doubtful, instead of resigning herself to grief, her exertions were redoubled, not only for the comfort of the sick, but she was an angel of consolation to her afflicted father; we were amazed at the exertions she made, and the fatigue she endured; for with nerves so weak, a constitution so delicate, and a sensibility so exquisite, we trembled lest she should sink with anxiety and fatigue. Until it ceased to be necessary, she performed not only the duty of a nurse, but acted as superintendent of the household." When her mother became convalescent, Lucretia continued her attentions to domestic affairs: "She did not so much yield to her ruling passion as to look into a book, or take up a pen (says her mother), lest she should again become so absorbed in them as to neglect to perform those little offices which a feeble, affectionate mother had a right to claim at her hands. As was to be expected from the intimate union of soul and body, when her mind was starved, it became dejected and her body weak; and, in spite of her filial efforts, her mother detected tears on her cheeks, was alarmed by her excessive paleness, and expressed her apprehensions that she was ill. "No, mamma," she replied, "not ill, only out of spirits." Her mother then remarked, that of late, she never read or wrote. She burst into tears,—a full explanation followed, and the generous mother succeeded in convincing her child that she had been misguided in the course she had adopted, that the strongest wish of her heart was to advance her in

her literary career, and for this she would make every exertion in her power; at the same time she very judiciously advised her to intersperse her literary pursuits with those domestic occupations so essential to prepare every woman in our land for a housewife, her probable destiny.

This conversation had a most happy effect; the stream flowed again in its natural channel, and Lucretia became cheerful, read and wrote, and practised drawing. She had a decided taste for drawing, and excelled in it. She sung over her work, and in every way manifested the healthy condition that results from a wise obedience to the laws of nature.

We trust there are thousands of young ladies in our land, who at the call of filial duty would cheerfully perform domestic labour; but if there are any who would make a strong love for more elevated and refined pursuits, an excuse for neglecting these coarser duties, we would commend them to the example of this conscientious child. She, if any could might have pleaded her genius, or her delicate health, or her mother's most tender indulgence, for a failure, that in her would have hardly seemed to us a fault.

During this summer, she went to Canada with her mother, where she revelled in an unexplored library and enjoyed most heartily the social pleasures at her sister's. They frequently had a family concert of music in the evening. Mrs. Townsend (her sister) accompanied the instruments with her fine voice. Lucretia was often moved by the music, and particularly by her favourite song, Moore's "Farewell to my Harp;" this she would have sung to her at twilight, when it would excite a shivering through her whole frame. On one occasion, she became

cold and pale, and was near fainting, and afterwards poured her excited feelings forth in the following address:—

TO MY SISTER.

When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of Heaven;
When not a murmur, nor a sound
To fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of Heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give;
Oh sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And hovering, trembles, half afraid,
Oh sister, sing the song once more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'T were almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?

We insert here a striking circumstance that occurred during a visit to her sister the following year. She was at that time employed in writing her longest published poem, "Amir Khan." Immediately after breakfast she went to walk, and not returning to din-

ner, nor even when the evening approached, Mr. Townsend set forth in search of her. He met her, and as her eye encountered his, she smiled and blushed, as if she felt conscious of having been a little ridiculous. She said she had called on a friend, and, having found her absent, had gone to her library, where she had been examining some volumes of an Encyclopedia to aid her, we believe, in the oriental story she was employed upon. She forgot her dinner and her tea, and had remained reading, standing, and with her hat on, till the disappearance of daylight brought her to her senses. In the interval between her visits, she wrote several letters to her friends, which are chiefly interesting from the indications they afford of her social and affectionate spirit. We subjoin a few extracts. She had returned to Plattsburgh amid the bustle of a Fourth of July celebration.

We found," she says, "our brother Yankees had turned out well to celebrate the Fourth. The wharf from the hill to the very edge of the water, even the rafts and sloops, were black with the crowd. If some very good genius, who presided over my destiny at that time, had not spread its protecting pinions around me, like everything else in my possession, I should have lost even my precious self. What a truly lamentable accident it would have been just at that moment! We took a carriage, and were extricating ourselves from the crowd, when Mr. ———, who had pressed himself through, came to shake hands and bid good-bye. He is now on his way to ———. Well! here is health, happiness, and a bushel of love to all *married* people! Is it possible, you ask, that sister Lue could ever have permitted such a toast to pass her lips? We arrived safely at our good old home, and found everything as we left it. The chimney swallows had taken up their residence in the

chimney, and rattled the soot from their sable habitations over the hearth and carpet. It looked like desolation indeed. The grass is high in the yard: the wild-roses, double-roses, and sweet-briars are in full bloom, and, take it all in all, the spot looks much as the garden of Eden did after the expulsion of Adam and Eve. We had just done tea when M. came in and sat an hour or two. What in the name of wonder could he have found to talk about all that time? Something, dear sister, you would not have thought of; something of so little consequence that the time he spent glided swiftly, almost unnoticed. I had him all to myself, tête-à-tête. I had almost forgotten to tell you I had yesterday a present of a most beautiful bouquet: I wore it to church in the afternoon; but it has withered and faded—

‘ Withered, like the world’s treasures,
Faded, like the world’s pleasures.’ ”

From the sort of mystical, girl-like allusions in the above extracts, to persons whose initials only are given, to bouquets and tête-à-têtes, we infer that she thus early had declared lovers even at this age, for she was not yet sixteen: her mother says she had resolved never to marry. “ Her reasons,” continues her mother, “ for this decision were, that her peculiar habits, her entire devotion to books, and scribbling (as she called it), unfitted her for the care of a family; she could not do justice to husband or children, while her whole soul was absorbed in literary pursuits; she was not willing to resign them for any man, therefore she had formed the resolution to lead a single life;” a resolution that would have lasted probably till she had passed under the dominion of a stronger passion than her love for the muses. With affections like hers, and a most lovely person and attractive manners, her resolution

would scarcely have enabled her to escape the common destiny of her sex.—The following is an extract from a letter written after participating in several gay parties: “Indeed, my dear brother, I have turned round like a top, for the last two or three weeks, and am glad to seat myself once more in my favourite corner. How, think you, should I stand it to be whirled in the giddy round of dissipation? I come home from the blaze of light, from the laugh of mirth, the smile of complaisance, and seeming happiness, and the vision passes from my mind like the brilliant but transitory hues of the rainbow; and I think with regret on the many, very many happy hours I have passed with you and Anne. Oh! I do want to see you, indeed I do,—you think me wild, thoughtless, and perhaps unfeeling; but I assure you I can be sober, I sometimes think, and I can and do feel.—Why have you not written? not one word in almost three weeks! Dear brother and sister, I must write; but dear Anne, I am now doomed to dim your eye and cloud your brow, for I know that what I have to communicate will surprise and distress you. Our dear cousin John is dead! Oh! I need not tell you how much, how deeply he is lamented; you knew him, and like every one else who did, you loved him. Poor Eliza! how my heart aches for her! her father, her mother, her brother, all gone; almost the last, the dearest tie is broken which bound her to life; what a vacancy must there be in her heart! how fatal would it prove to almost every hope in life, were we allowed even a momentary glimpse of futurity! for often half the enjoyments of life consist in the anticipation of pleasures, which may never be ours.” Soon after this Lucretia witnessed the death of a beloved young friend; it was the first death she had seen, and it had its natural effect on a reflecting and sensitive mind.

Her thoughts wandered through eternity by the light of religion, the only light that penetrates beyond the death-bed.—She wrote many religious pieces; but as I hope another volume of her poems will be given to the public, I have merely selected the following:—

Oh, that the eagle's wing were mine,
I'd soar above the dreary earth;
I'd spread my wings, and rise to join
The immortal fountain of my birth.

For what is joy? how soon it fades,
The childish vision of an hour!
Though warm and brilliant are its shades,
'Tis but a frail and fading flower.

And what is hope? it is a light
Which leads us on deluding ever,
Till lost amid the shades of night
We sink, and then it flies for ever!

And what is love! it is a dream,
A brilliant fable framed by youth;
A bubble dancing on life's stream,
And sinking 'neath the eye of truth.

And what are honour, glory, fame,
But death's dark watchwords to the grave;
The victim dies, and lo! his name
Is stamp'd in life's red rolling wave.

And what are all the joys of life,
But vanity, and toil, and woe;
What but a bitter cup of grief,
With dregs of sin and death below.

This world is but the first dark gate
Unfolded to the wakening soul;
But death unerring led by fate,
Shall Heaven's bright portals backward roll.

Then shall this unchained spirit fly
 On to the God who gave it life;
 Rejoicing as it soars on high,
 Released from danger, doubt, and strife.

There will it pour its anthems forth,
 Bending before its Maker's throne;
 The great I AM, who gave it birth,
 The Almighty God, the dread unknown.

During this winter her application to her books was so unremitting, that her parents again became alarmed for her health, and persuaded her occasionally to join in the amusements of Plattsburgh. She came home one night at twelve o'clock, from a ball, and after giving a most lively account of all she had seen and heard to her mother, she quietly seated herself at the table, and wrote her "Reflections after leaving a Ball-room." Her spirit, though it glided with kind sympathies into the common pleasures of youth, never seemed to relax its tie to the spiritual world. During the summer of 1824, Captain Partridge visited Plattsburgh, with his soldier scholars.

Military display had its usual exciting effect on Miss Davidson's imagination, and she addressed "to the Vermont Cadets" the following spirited stanzas, which might have come from the martial Clorinda:—

Pass on! for the bright torch of glory is beaming;
 Go, wreath round your brows the green laurels of fame,
 Around you a halo is brilliantly streaming,
 And history lingers to write down each name.

Yes! ye are the pillars of liberty's throne;
 When around you the banner of glory shall wave,
 America proudly shall claim you her own;
 And freedom and honour shall pause o'er each grave!

▲ watch-fire of glory, a beacon of light,
 Shall guide you to Honour, shall point you to Fame;

The heart that shrinks back, be it buried in night,
And withered with dim tears of sorrow and shame !

Though death should await you, 'twere glorious to die
With the glow of pure honour still warm on the brow ;
With a light sparkling brightly around the dim eye,
Like the smile of a spirit still ling'ring below.

Pass on, and when war in his strength shall arise,
Rush on to the conflict and conquer or die ;
Let the clash of your arms proudly roll to the skies :
Be blest, if victorious — and cursed, if you fly !

It was about this time that she finished "Amir Khan," and began a tale of some length, which she entitled the "Recluse of the Saranac." "Amir Khan" has long been before the public, but we think it has suffered from a general and very natural distrust of precocious genius. The versification is graceful, the story beautifully developed, and the orientalism well sustained. We think it would not have done discredit to our best popular poets in the meridian of their fame : as the production of a girl of fifteen, it seems prodigious.—On her mother discovering and reading a part of her romance, Lucretia manifested her usual shrinkings, and with many tears exacted a promise that she would not again look at it till it was finished ; she never again saw it till after her daughter's death. Lucretia had a most whimsical fancy for cutting sheets of paper into narrow strips, sewing them together and writing on both sides ; and once playfully boasting to her mother of having written some yards, she produced a roll, and forbidding her mother's approach, she measured off twenty yards ! She often expressed a wish to spend one fortnight alone, even to the exclusion of her little pet-sister ; and Mrs. Davidson, eager to afford her every gratification in her power, had a room prepared

for her recess; her dinner was sent up to her, she declined coming down to tea, and her mother, on going to her apartment, found her writing,—her plate untouched.

Some secret joy it was natural her mother should feel at this devotion to intellectual pleasure; but her good sense or her maternal anxiety got the better of it, and she persuaded Lucretia to consent to the interruption of a daily walk. It was about this period that she became acquainted with the gentleman who was destined to influence the brief space of life that remained to her. The late Hon. Moss Kent, with whom her mother had been acquainted for many years, previous to her marriage, had often been a guest at the house of Dr. Davidson, but it had so happened that he had never met Lucretia since her early childhood. Struck with some little effusions which were in the possession of his sister, Mrs. P——, he went immediately to see Mrs. Davidson, to ask the privilege of reading some of her last productions. On his way to the house he met Lucretia; he had been interested by the reputation of her genius and modesty; no wonder that the beautiful form in which it was enshrined should have called this interest into sudden and effective action. Miss Davidson was just sixteen—her complexion was the most beautiful brunette, clear and brilliant, of that warm tint that seems to belong to lands of the sun rather than to our chilled regions; indeed her whole organization, mental as well as physical, her deep and quick sensibility, her early development, were characteristics of a warmer clime than ours; her stature was of the middle height, her form slight and symmetrical, her hair profuse, dark, and curling, her mouth and nose regular, and as beautiful as if they had been chiselled by an inspired artist; and through this fitting medium

beamed her angelic spirit. "Mr. Kent, with all the enthusiasm inherent in his nature, after examining her common-place book, resolved, if he could induce her parents to resign Lucretia to his care, to afford her every facility for improvement that could be obtained in the country—and in short, he proposed to adopt her as his own child. Her parents took the subject into consideration, and complied so far with his benevolent wishes, as to permit him to take an active interest in her education, deferring to future consideration, the question of his adopting her. Had she lived, they would, no doubt, have consented to his plan. It was, after some deliberation, decided to send her a few months to the Troy Seminary, and on the same evening she wrote the following letter to her brother and sister:—

"What think you? 'ere another moon shall fill round as my shield," I shall be at Mrs. Willard's seminary; in a fortnight I shall probably have left Plattsburgh, not to return at least until the expiration of six months. Oh! I am so delighted, so happy! I shall scarcely eat, drink, or sleep for a month to come. You and Anne must both write to me often, and you must not laugh when you think of poor Luly in the far-famed city of Troy, dropping handkerchiefs, keys, gloves, &c.; in short, something of everything I have. It is well if you can read what I have written, for papa and mamma are talking, and my head whirls like a top. Oh! how my poor head aches! Such a surprise as I have had!"

On the 24th of November, 1824, she left home, health on her cheek and in her bosom, and flushed with the most ardent expectations of getting rapidly forward in the career her desires were fixed upon. But even at this moment her fond devotion to her mother was beautifully expressed in some stanzas,

which she left where they would meet her eye as soon as the parting tears were wiped away. These stanzas are already published, and I shall only quote two from them, striking for their tenderness and truth.

“To thee my lay is due, the simple song
Which nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart, indulgent, will not spurn my lay!

“Oh say, amid this wilderness of life
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me?
Who would have smiled responsive? Who in grief
‘Would e'er have felt, and feeling, grieved like thee?’”

The following extracts from her letters, which were always filled with yearnings for home, will show that her affections were the strong-hold of her nature.

“Troy Seminary, December 6th, 1824. Here I am at last; and what a naughty girl I was, when I was at Aunt Schuyler's, that I did not write you everything! But to tell the truth, I was topsyturvy, and so I am now; but in despite of calls from the young ladies, and of a hundred new faces, and new names which are constantly ringing in my ears, I have set myself down, and will not rise until I have written an account of everything to my dear mother. I am contented; yet, notwithstanding, I have once or twice turned a wishful glance towards my dear-loved home. Amidst all the parade of wealth, in the splendid apartments of luxury, I can assure you, my dearest mother, that I had rather be with you *in our own lowly home*, than in the midst of all this ceremony.”

“Oh, mamma, I like Mrs. Willard. ‘And so this is my girl, Mrs. Schuyler?’ said she, and took me affectionately by the hand. Oh, I want to see you so

much! But I must not think of it now. I must learn as fast as I can, and think only of my studies. Dear, dear little Margaret! kiss her and the little boys for me. How is dear father getting on in this rattling world?"

The letters that followed were tinged with melancholy from her "bosom's depth," and her mother has withheld them. In a subsequent one she says, "I have written two long letters; but I wrote when I was ill, and they savour too much of sadness. I feel a little better now, and have again commenced my studies. Mr. K. called here to-day. Oh, he is very good! He stayed some time, and brought a great many books; but I fear I shall have little time to read aught but what appertains to my studies. I am consulting Kames's Elements of Criticism, studying French, attending to Geological lectures, composition, reading, paying some little attention to painting, and learning to dance."

A subsequent letter indicated great unhappiness and debility, and awakened her mother's apprehensions. The next was written more cheerfully. "As I fly to you," she says, "for consolation in all my sorrows, so I turn to you, my dear mother, to participate in all my joys. The clouds that enveloped my mind have dispersed, and I turn to you with a far lighter heart than when I last wrote. The ever kind Mr. K. called yesterday." She then describes the paternal interest he took in her health and happiness, expresses a trembling apprehension lest he should be disappointed in the amount of her improvement, and laments the loss of time from her frequent indisposition. "How, my dear mother," she says, "shall I express my gratitude to my kind, my excellent friend? What is felt as deeply as I feel this obligation, *cannot* be expressed; but I can feel, and

do feel." It must be remembered that these were not formal and obligatory letters to her guardian, but the spontaneous overflowing of her heart in her private correspondence with her mother.

We now come to a topic, to which we would ask the particular attention of our readers. Owing to many causes, but chiefly, we believe, to the demand for operatives in every department of society in our country, the work of school education is crowded into a very few years. The studies, instead of being selected, spread through the whole circle of sciences. The school period is the period of the young animal's physical growth and development; the period when the demands of the physical nature are strongest, and the mental weakest. Then our young men are immured in colleges, law schools, divinity schools, &c.; and our young ladies in boarding-schools, where, even in the best regulated, the provisions for exercise in the open air are very insufficient. In the city schools, we are aware, that the difficulties to be overcome to achieve this great object are nearly insuperable, we believe quite so; and, if they are so, should not these establishments be placed in the country? Are not health and physical vigour the basis of mental health and vigour, of usefulness and happiness? What a proportion of the miseries of the more favoured classes of our females result from their *invalidism*! What feebleness of purpose, weakness of execution, dejection, fretfulness, mental and moral imbecility!

The case would not be so bad, if the misery ended with one generation, with the mother cut off in the midst of her days, or dragging on to three-score and ten, her unenjoyed and profitless existence. But that is not so: there are hosts of living witnesses in the sickly, pale drooping children of our nurseries. There

are multitudes who tell us that our climate will not permit a delicate female to exercise in the open air. If the climate is bad, so much the more important is it to acquire strength to resist it. Besides, if out-of-door exercise is not at all times attractive, we know it is not impossible. We know delicately bred females, who during some of our hardest winters, have not for more than a day or two lost their exercise abroad. When, in addition to the privation of pleasurable exercise, (for the walk in funeral procession, attended by martinets, and skewered by city decorums, can scarcely be called *pleasurable*,) the school-girl is confined to her tasks from eight to ten hours, in rooms sometimes too cold, sometimes too hot, where her fellow-sufferers are en masse, can we wonder at the result?

How far this evil may have operated in shortening the life of Lucretia Davidson, we cannot say; but we cannot but think, that her devoted and watchful friends erred in sending a creature so delicate in her constitution to any boarding-school, even the best conducted institution. We certainly do not mean to express or imply any censure of the "Troy Seminary. We have no personal knowledge of it; but we believe no similar institution has more the confidence of the community; and, as it has been now many years established and tried, it is fair to believe it deserves it.

An arrangement of these boarding-schools, that bore very hard upon Miss Davidson, was the public examination.* These examinations are appalling to

* I did not intend remarking upon the influence these examinations have on the scholar's progress; but I cannot forbear quoting the following pertinent passage from President Hopkins's Inaugural Address. "There are not wanting schools in this country, in which the real interests and progress of the pupils are sacrificed to their appearance at examination. But the vanity

a sensitive mind. Could they be proved to be of manifest advantage to the scholarship of the young ladies, we should doubt their utility on the whole. But even where they are conducted with perfect fairness, are they a test of scholarship? Do not the bold outface, and the indolent evade them? The studious are stimulated, and the sensitive and shrinking, if stimulated, are appalled and disconcerted by them, so that the condiment affects those only whose appetites are already too keen.

But the experience of Miss Davidson is more persuasive than any reasoning of ours, and we shall give it in her own language, in occasional extracts from her letters to her mother.

“We now begin to dread the examination. Oh, horrible! seven weeks, and I shall be posted up before all Troy, all the students from Schenectady, and perhaps five hundred others. What shall I do?”

“I have just received a note from Mr. K. in which he speaks of your having written to him of my illness. I was indeed ill, and very ill, for several days, and in my deepest dejection wrote to you; but do not, my dearest mother, be alarmed about me. My appetite is not perfectly good, but quite as well as when I was at home. The letter was just such a one as was calculated to soothe my feelings, and set me completely at rest. He expressed a wish that my stay here should be prolonged. What think you, mother? I should be delighted by such an arrangement. This place really seems quite like home to me, though not *my own dear home*. I like Mrs. Willard, I love the girls, and I have the vanity to think I am not actually disagreeable to them.”

of parents must be flattered, and the memory is overburdened, and studies are forced on prematurely, and a system of infant-school instruction is carried forward into maturer life.”

We come now to another expression (partly serious and partly bantering, for she seems to have uniformly respected her instructress) of her terrors of "examination."

"We are all engaged, heart and hand, preparing for this awful examination. Oh, how I dread it! But there is no retreat. I must stand firm to my post, or experience all the anger, vengeance, and punishments, which will, in case of delinquency or flight, be exercised with the most unforgiving acrimony. We are in such cases excommunicated, henceforth and for ever, under the awful ban of holy Seminary; and the evil eye of false report is upon us. Oh mamma, I do though, jesting apart, dread this examination; but nothing short of real and absolute sickness can excuse a scholar in the eyes of Mrs. Willard. Even that will not do it to the Trojan world around us; for if a young lady is ill at examination, they say, with a sneer, 'Oh, she is ill of an examination-fever!' Thus you see, mamma, we have no mercy either from friends or foes. We must '*do or die.*' Tell Morris he must write to me. Kiss dear, dear little Margaret for me, and don't let her forget *poor sister Luly*, and tell all who inquire for me that I am well, but in awful dread of a great examination."

The following extract is from a letter to her friends, who had written under the impression, that all letters received by the young ladies were, of course, read by some one of the officers of the institution.

"Lo! just as I was descending from the third story, (for you must know I hold my head high,) your letter was put into my hands. Poor little wanderer! I really felt a sisterly compassion for the poor little folded paper. I kissed it for the sake of those who sent it forth into the wide world, and put it into my bosom. But oh, when I read it! Now, Anne, I will

tell you the truth; it was cold; perhaps it was written on one of your cold Canada days, or perchance it lost a little heat on the way. It did not seem to come from the very heart of hearts; it looked as though it were written 'to a young lady at the Troy Seminary,' not to your dear, dear, *dear sister Luly*. Mr. K. has thus far been a father to me, and I thank him; but I will not mock my feelings by attempting to say how much I thank him."

"My dear mother! oh how I wish I could lay my head upon your bosom! I hope you do not keep my letters, for I certainly have burned all yours,* and I stood like a little fool and wept over their ashes, and when I saw the last one gone, I felt as though I had parted with my last friend." Then, after expressing an earnest wish that her mother would destroy her letters, she says, "They have no connection. When I write, everything comes crowding upon me at once; my pen moves too slow for my brain and my heart, and I feel vexed at myself, and tumble in everything together, and a choice medley you have of it!"

"I attended Mr. Ball's public (assembly) last night, and had a delightful evening; but now for something of more importance—*Ex-am-i-na-tion!* I had just begun to be engaged, heart and hand, preparing for it, when, by some means, I took a violent cold. I was unable to raise my voice above a whisper, and coughed incessantly. On the second day, Mrs. Willard sent for Dr. Robbins; he said I must be bled, and take an emetic; this was sad; but oh, mamma, I could not speak or breathe without pain." There

* This was in consequence of a positive command from her mother.

are further details of pains, remedies, and consequent exhaustion; and yet this fragile and precious creature was permitted by her physician and friends, kind and watchful friends too, to proceed in her suicidal preparations for examination! There was nothing uncommon in this injudiciousness. Such violations of the laws of our physical nature are every day committed by persons, in other respects, the wisest and the best; and our poor little martyr may not have suffered in vain, if her experience awakens attention to the subject.

In the letter from which we have quoted above, and which is filled with expressions of love for the dear ones at home, she continues: "Tell Morris I will answer his letter in full next quarter, but now I fear I am doing wrong, for I am yet quite feeble, and when I get stronger, I shall be very avaricious of my time, in order to prepare for the coming week.

"We must study morning, noon, and night. *I shall rise between two and four now every morning, till the dreaded day is past.* I rose the other night at twelve, but was ordered back to bed again. You see, mamma, I shall have a chance to become an early riser here." "Had I not written you that I was coming home, I think I should not have seen you this winter. All my friends think I had better remain here, as the journey will be long and cold; but oh! there is that at the journey's end, which would tempt me through the wilds of Siberia—father, mother, brothers, sisters, *home.* Yes, I shall come."

We insert some stanzas, written about this time, not so much for their poetical merit, as for the playful spirit that beams through them, and which seems like sunbeams smiling on a cataract.

A WEEK BEFORE EXAMINATION.

One has a headache, one a cold,
 One has her neck in flannel rolled;
 Ask the complaint, and you are told
 'Next week's examination.'

One frets and scolds, and laughs and cries,
 Another hopes, despairs, and sighs;
 Ask but the cause, and each replies,
 'Next week's examination.'

One bans her books, then grasps them tight,
 And studies morning, noon, and night,
 As though she took some strange delight
 'In these examinations.'

The books are marked, defaced, and thumbed,
 The brains with midnight tasks benumbed,
 Still all in that account is summed,
 'Next week's examination.'

In a letter, February 10th, she says, "The dreaded work of examination is now going on, my dear mother. To-morrow evening, which will be the last, and is always the most crowded, is the time fixed upon for my *entrée* upon the field of action. Oh! I hope I shall not disgrace myself. It is the rule here to reserve the best classes till the last; so I suppose I may take it as a compliment that we are delayed."

"February 12th. The examination is over. E—— E—— did herself and her native village honour; but as for your poor Luly, she acquitted herself, I trust, decently! Oh! mamma, I was so frightened! but, although my face glowed and my voice trembled, I did make out to get through, for I knew my lessons. The room was crowded almost to suffocation. All was still—the fall of a pin could have been heard—

and I tremble when I think of it even now." No one can read these melancholy records without emotion.

Her visit home during the vacation was given up, in compliance with the advice of her guardian. "I wept a good long hour or so," she says, with her characteristic gentle acquiescence, "and then made up my mind to be content."

In her next letter she relates an incident very striking in her eventful life.

It occurred in returning to Troy, after her vacation, passed happily with her friends in the vicinity. "Uncle went to the ferry with me," she says, "where we met Mr. Paris. Uncle placed me under his care, and, snugly seated by his side, I expected a very pleasant ride, with a very pleasant gentleman. All was pleasant, except that we expected every instant that all the ice in the Hudson would come drifting against us, and shut in scow, stage, and all, or sink us to the bottom, which, in either case, you know, mother, would not have been quite so agreeable. We had just pushed from the shore, I watching the ice with anxious eyes, when, lo! the two leaders made a tremendous plunge, and tumbled headlong into the river. I felt the carriage following fast after; the other two horses pulled back with all their power, but the leaders were dragging them down, dashing and plunging, and flouncing in the water. 'Mr. Paris, in mercy let us get out!' said I. But, as he did not see the horses, he felt no alarm. The moment I informed him they were overboard, he opened the door, and cried, 'Get out and save yourself, if possible; I am old and stiff, but I will follow in an instant.' 'Out with the lady! let the lady out!' shouted several voices at once; 'the other horses are about to plunge, and then all will be over.' I made a lighter spring than many a lady does in a cotillion, and jumped upon a cake of ice.

Mr. Paris followed, and we stood, (I trembling like a leaf,) expecting every instant that the next plunge of the drowning horses would detach the piece of ice upon which we were standing, and send us adrift; but, thank Heaven, after working for ten or fifteen minutes, by dint of ropes, and cutting them away from the other horses, they dragged the poor creatures out, more dead than alive.

“Mother, don’t you think I displayed some courage? I jumped into the stage again, and shut the door, while Mr. Paris remained outside, watching the movement of affairs. We at length reached here, and I am alive, as you see, to tell the story of my woes.”

In her next letter she details a conversation with Mrs. Willard, full of kind commendation and good counsel. “Mamma,” she concludes, “you would be justified in thinking me a perfect lump of vanity and egotism; but I have always related to you every thought, every action of my life. I have had no concealments from you, and I have stated these matters to you because they fill me with surprise. Who would think the accomplished Mrs. Willard would admire my poor daubing, or my poor anything else! Oh, dear mamma, I am so happy now! so contented! Every unusual movement startles me. I am constantly afraid of something to mar it.”

The next extract is from a letter, the emanation of her affectionate spirit, to a favourite brother seven years old.

“Dear L——, I am obliged to you for your two very interesting epistles, and much doubt whether I could spell more ingeniously myself. Really, I have some idea of sending them to the printers, to be struck off in imitation of a Chinese puzzle. Your questions about the stars I have been cogitating some time past, and am of the opinion, that, if there are beings inha-

biting those heavenly regions, they must be content to feed, cameleon-like, upon air; for even were we disposed to spare them a portion of our earth sufficient to plant a garden, I doubt whether the attraction of gravitation would not be too strong for resistance, and the unwilling clod return to its pale brethren of the valley 'to rest in ease inglorious.' So far from burning your precious letters, my dear little brother, I carefully preserve them in a little pocket-book, and when I feel lonely and desolate, and think of my dear home, I turn them over and over again. Do write often, my sweet little correspondent, and believe me," &c. &c.

Her next letter to her mother, written in March, was in a melancholy strain; but as if to avert her parent's consequent anxieties, she concludes:

"I hope you will feel no concern for my health or happiness. Do, my dear mother, try to be cheerful, and have good courage."

"I have been to the Rensselaer school, to attend the philosophical lectures. They are delivered by the celebrated Mr. Eaton, who has several students, young gentlemen. I hope they will not lose their hearts among twenty or thirty pretty girls. For my part, I kept my eyes fixed as fast as might be upon the good old lecturer, as I am of the opinion that he is the best possible safeguard, with his philosophy and his apparatus; for you know philosophy and love are sworn enemies!"

Miss Davidson returned to Plattsburgh during the spring vacation. Her mother, when the first rapture of reunion was over, the first joy at finding her child unchanged in the modesty and naturalness of her deportment, and fervour of her affections, became alarmed at the indications of disease, in the extrême fragility of her person, and the deep and fluctuating

colour of her cheek. Lucretia insisted, and, deceived by that ever-deceiving disease, believed she was well. She was gay and full of hope, and could hardly be persuaded to submit to her father's medical prescriptions; but the well-known crimson spot, that so often flushed her cheek, was regarded by him with the deepest anxiety, and he shortly called counsel. During her stay at home she wrote a great deal. Like the bird, which is to pass away with the summer, she seems to have been ever on the wing, pouring forth the spontaneous melodies of her soul. The following are a few stanzas from a piece

“ON SPRING.”

I have seen the fair Spring, I have heard her sweet song,
As she passed in her lightness and freshness along;
The blue wave rolled deeper, the moss-crest looked bright,
As she breathed o'er the regions of darkness and night.

I have seen the rose bloom on the youthful cheek,
And the dew of delight 'neath the bright lash break;
The bounding footstep, scarce pressing the earth,
And the lip which speaks of a soul of mirth.

I have seen the winter with brow of care,
With his soulless eye and his snow-white hair;
And whate'er his footsteps had touched was cold,
As the lifeless stone which the sculptors mould.

* * * * *

As I knelt by the sepulchre, dreary and lone,
Lay the beautiful form in its temple of stone;
I looked for its coming,—the warm wind passed by,—
I looked for its coming on earth and on high.

The young leaves gleamed brightly around the cold spot,
I looked for the spirit, yet still it came not.
Shall the flower of the valley burst forth to the light,
And man in his beauty lie buried in night?

A voice on the waters, a voice in the sky,
A voice from beneath, and a voice from on high,
Proclaims that he shall not,—that Spring, in her light,
Shall waken the spirit from darkness and night.

These were singular speculations for a beautiful girl of sixteen. Were there not spirits ministering to her from that world to which she was hastening?

The physician, called in to consult with her father, was of opinion that a change of air and scene would probably restore her, and it was decided, in compliance with her own wishes, that she should *return to school*. Miss Gilbert's boarding-school, at Albany, was selected for the next six months. There are few more of her productions of any sort, and they seem to us to have the sweetness of the last roses of summer. The following playful passages are from her last letter at home to her sister in Canada.

“The boat will be here in an hour or two, and I am all ready to start. Oh, I am half sick. I have taken several doses of something quite delectable for a visiting treat. Now,” she concludes her letter, “by your affection for me, by your pity for the wanderer, by your remembrance of the absent, by your love for each other, and by all that is sacred to an absent friend, I charge you, write to me, and write often. As ye hope to prosper, as ye hope your boy to prosper, (and grow fat!) as ye hope for my gratitude and affection now and hereafter, I charge you, write. If ye sinfully neglect this last solemn injunction of a parting friend, my injured spirit will visit you in your transgressions. It shall pierce you with goosequills, and hurl down upon your recreant heads the brimming contents of the neglected inkstand. This is my threat, and this is my vengeance. But if, on the contrary, ye shall see fit to honour me with numerous epistles, which shall be duly answered,

know ye, that I will live and love you, and not only you, but your boy! So you see upon your own bearing depends the future fate of the little innocent, 'to be beloved, or not to be beloved!' They have come! Farewell, a long farewell!"—

She proceeded to Albany, and in a letter dated May 12th, 1825, she seems delighted with her reception, accommodations, and prospects, at Miss Gilbert's school. She has yet no anxieties about her health, and enters on her career of study with her customary ardour. With the most delicate health and constant occupation, she found time always to write long letters to her mother, and the little children at home filled with fond expressions. What an example and rebuke to the idle school-girl who finds no time for these minor duties! But her studies, to which she applied herself beyond her strength, from the conscientious fear of not fulfilling the expectations of her friends, were exhausting the sources of life. Her letters teem with expressions of gratitude to her friend Mr. K——, to Miss Gilbert, and to all the friends around her. She complains of debility and want of appetite, but imputes all her ailings to not hearing regularly from home. The mails were of course at fault, for her mother's devotion never intermitted. The following expressions will show that her sensibility, naturally acute, was rendered intense by physical disease and suffering.

"Oh, my dear mother, cannot you send your Luly one line? Not one word in two weeks! I have done nothing but weep all day long. I feel so wretchedly! I am afraid you are ill."

"I am very wretched, indeed I am. My dear mother, am I never to hear from you again? I am *home-sick*. I know I am *foolish*; but I cannot help it. To tell the truth, I am half sick. I am so weak,

so languid, I cannot eat. I am nervous, I know I am; I weep most of the time. I have blotted the paper so, that I cannot write. I cannot study much longer if I do not hear from you."

Letters from home renovated her for a few days, and at Mr. K.'s request, she went to the theatre, and gave herself up, with all the freshness of youthful feeling, to the spells of the drama, and raved about Hamlet and Ophelia like any other school-girl.

But her next letter recurs to her malady, and for the first time, she expresses a fear that her disease is beyond the reach of common remedies. Her mother was alarmed, and would have gone immediately to her, but she was herself confined to her room by illness. Her father's cooler judgment inferred from their receiving no letters from Lucretia's friends, that there was nothing immediately alarming in her symptoms.

The next letter removed every doubt. It was scarcely legible; still she assures her mother she is better, and begs she will not risk the consequences of a long journey. But neither health nor life weighed now with the mother against seeing her child. She set off, and by appointment, joined Mr. K. at Whitehall. They proceeded thence to Albany, where, after the first emotions of meeting were over, Lucretia said, "Oh mamma, I thought I should never have seen you again! But, now I have you here, and can lay my aching head upon your bosom, I shall soon be better."

For a few days the balm seemed effectual; she was better, and the physicians believed she would recover; but her mother was no longer to be persuaded from her conviction of the fatal nature of the disease, and arrangements were immediately made to convey her to Plattsburgh. The journey was ef-

fect, notwithstanding it was during the heats of July, with less physical suffering than was apprehended. She shrunk painfully from the gaze her beauty inevitably attracted, heightened as it was by that disease which seems to delight to deck the victim for its triumph. "Her joy upon finding herself at home," says her mother, "operated for a time like magic." The sweet health-giving influence of domestic love, the home atmosphere, seemed to suspend the progress of her disease, and again her father, brothers and friends were deluded; all but the mother and the sufferer. She looked, with prophetic eye, calmly to the end. There was nothing to disturb her. That kingdom that cometh "without observation" was within her, and she was only about to change its external circumstances, about to put off the harness of life in which she had been so patient and obedient. To the last she manifested her love of books. A trunk filled with them had not been unpacked. She requested her mother to open it at her bed-side, and as each book was given to her, she turned over the leaves, kissed it, and desired to have it placed on a table at the foot of her bed. There they remained to the last, her eye often fondly resting on them.

She expressed a strong desire to see Mr. Kent once more, and a fear that though he had been summoned, he might not arrive in time. He came, however, to receive the last expressions of her gratitude, and to hear his own name the last pronounced by her lips.

The "Fear of Madness" was written by her while confined to her bed, and was the last piece she ever wrote. As it constitutes a part of the history of her disease, it is, though already published, inserted here.

There is a something which I dread,
 It is a dark and fearful thing;
 It steals along with withering tread,
 Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
 Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;
 'T is not the dread of death; 't is more,—
 It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,
 Forgetful of their feverish course;
 May this hot brain, which, burning, glows
 With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still
 A tenant of its lowly bed;
 But let not dark delirium steal—
 (Unfinished.)

That the records of the last scenes of Lucr Davidson's life are scanty, is not surprising. The materials for this memoir, it must be remembered, were furnished by her mother. A victim stretched on the rack cannot keep records. She says in general terms, "Lucretia frequently spoke to me of her approaching dissolution, with perfect calmness, and of an event that must soon take place. In a conversation with Mr. Townsend, held at intervals, as strength would permit, she expressed the same sentiments she expressed to me before she grew so weak. She declared her firm faith in the Christian religion, her dependence on the divine promises, which she said had consoled and sustained her during her illness. She said her hopes of salvation were grounded on the merits of her Saviour, and that death, which she once looked so dreadful to her, was now divested of all its terrors."

Welcome, indeed, should that messenger have be

that opened the gates of knowledge, and blissful immortality, to such a spirit !

During Miss Davidson's residence in Albany, which was less than three months, she wrote several miscellaneous pieces, and began a long poem, divided into cantos, and entitled "Maritorne, or the Pirate of Mexico." This she deemed better than anything she had previously produced. The amount of her compositions, considering the shortness and multifarious occupations of a life of less than seventeen years, is surprising.*

We copy the subjoined paragraph from the biographical sketch prefixed to "Amir Khan." "Her poetical writings, which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces of various lengths. When it is considered, that there are among these at least five regular poems, of several cantos each, some estimate may be formed of her poetical labours. Besides these were twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters, in a few months, to her mother alone." This statement does not comprise the large proportion (at least one-third of the whole) which she destroyed.

The genius of Lucretia Davidson has had the meed of far more authoritative praise than ours. The following tribute is from the "London Quarterly Review;" a source whence praise of American productions is as rare as springs in the desert. The notice is by Mr. Southey, and is written with the earnest feeling that characterizes that author, as generous as he is discriminating. "In these poems,"

* She died on the 27th of August, 1825, just a month before her seventeenth birthday.

(Amir Khan, &c.) "there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patrons, and the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed."

But, prodigious as the genius of this young creature was, still marvellous after all the abatements that may be made for precociousness and morbid development, there is something yet more captivating in her moral loveliness. Her modesty was not the infusion of another mind, not the result of cultivation, not the effect of good taste; nor was it a veil cautiously assumed and gracefully worn; but an innate quality, that made her shrink from incense, even though the censer were sanctified by love. Her mind was like the exquisite mirror, that cannot be stained by human breath.

Few may have been gifted with her genius, but all can imitate her virtues. There is a universality in the holy sense of duty, that regulated her life. Few young ladies will be called on to renounce the muses for domestic duties; but many may imitate Lucretia Davidson's meek self-sacrifice, by relinquishing some favourite pursuit, some darling object, for the sake of an humble and unpraised duty; and, if few can attain her excellence, all may imitate her in gentleness, humility, industry, and fidelity to her domestic affections. We may apply to her the beautiful lines, in which she describes one of those

"———forms, that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light visions round the poet's head."

"She was a being formed to love and bless,
With lavish nature's richest loveliness;
Such I have often seen in Fancy's eye,
Beings too bright for dull mortality."

I've seen them in the visions of the night,
 I've faintly seen them when enough of light
 And dim distinctness gave them to my gaze,
 As forms of other worlds, or brighter days."

This memoir may be fitly concluded by the following "Tribute to the Memory of my Sister," by Margaret Davidson, who was but two years old at the time of Lucretia's death, and whom she often mentions with peculiar fondness. The lines were written at the age of *eleven*. May we be allowed to say, that the mantle of the elder sister has fallen on the younger, and that she seems to be a second impersonation of her spirit?

"Though thy freshness and beauty are laid in the tomb,
 Like the floweret which drops in its verdure and bloom;
 Though the halls of thy childhood now mourn thee in vain,
 And thy strains shall ne'er waken their echoes again,
 Still o'er the fond memory they silently glide,
 Still, still thou art ours, and America's pride.
 Sing on thou pure seraph, with harmony crowned,
 And pour the full tide of thy music along,
 O'er the broad arch of Heaven the sweet note shall resound,
 And a bright choir of angels shall echo the song
 The pure elevation which beamed from thine eye,
 As it turned to its home in yon fair azure sky,
 Told of something unearthly; it shone with the light
 Of pure inspiration and holy delight.
 Round the rose that is withered a fragrance remains;
 O'er beauty in ruins the mind proudly reigns.
 Thy lyre has resounded o'er ocean's broad wave,
 And the tear of deep anguish been shed o'er thy grave;
 But thy spirit has mounted to mansions on high,
 To the throne of its God, where it never can die."

1

POETICAL REMAINS.

AN ADDRESS TO MY MUSE.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

WHY, gentle Muse, wilt thou disdain
To lend thy strains to me?
Why do I supplicate in vain
And bow my heart to thee?

Oh! teach me how to touch the lyre,
To tune the trembling chord;
Teach me to fill each heart with fire,
And melting strains afford.

Sweep but thy hand across the string,
The woodlands echo round,
And mortals wond'ring, as you sing,
Delighted catch each sound.

Enchanted when thy voice I hear,
I drop each earthly care;
I feel as wafted from the world
To Fancy's realms of air.

Then as I wander, plaintive sing,
And teach me every strain;
Teach me to touch the trembling string
Which now I strike in vain.

AMIR KHAN.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

PART I.

BRIGHTLY o'er spire, and dome, and tower,
The pale moon shone at midnight hour,
While all beneath her smile of light
Was resting there in calm delight ;
Evening with robe of stars appears,
Bright as repentant Peri's tears,
And o'er her turban's fleecy fold
Night's crescent stream'd with rays of gold,
While every crystal cloud of Heaven
Bowed as it passed the queen of even.

Beneath—calm Cashmere's lovely vale¹
Breathed perfumes to the sighing gale ;
The amaranth and tuberose,
Convolvulus in deep repose,
Bent to each breeze which swept their bed,
Or scarcely kissed the dew, and fled
The bulbul, with his lay of love :²
Sang, 'mid the stillness of the grove ;
The gulnare blushed a deeper hue,³
And trembling shed a shower of dew,
Which perfumed ere it kiss'd the ground,
Each zephyr's pinion hovering round.

The lofty plane-tree's haughty brow⁴
 Glitter'd beneath the moon's pale glow ;
 And wide the plantain's arms were spread,⁵
 The guardian of its native bed.

Where was Amreta at this hour ?
 Say ! was she slumb'ring in her bower ?
 Or gazing on this scene of rest,
 Less calm, less peaceful than her breast ?
 Or was she resting in the dream
 Of brighter days, on Fortune's stream ?
 Or was she weeping Friendship broken,
 Or sighing o'er Love's wither'd token ?

No !— she was calmly resting there,
 Her eye ne'er spoke of hope nor fear,
 But 'mid the blaze of splendour round,
 For ever bent upon the ground,
 Their long, dark lashes hid from view,
 The brilliant glances which they threw.
 Her cheek was neither pale nor red ;
 The rose, upon its summer bed,
 Could never boast so faint a hue ;
 So faint, and yet so brilliant too !

Though round her, Cashmere's incense **streamed ;**
 Though Persia's gems around her beamed ;
 Though diamonds of Golconda shed
 Their warmest lustre o'er her head
 Though music lulled each fear to sleep,
 Or like the night-wind o'er the deep ;
 Just waking love and calm delight,
 Kindling Hope's watch-fire clear and bright ;
 For her, though Cashmere's roses twine
Together round the parent vine ;

And though to her, as Cashmere's star,
 Knelt the once haughty Subahdar ;⁶
 Still, still, Amreta gazed unmoved,
 Nor sighed, nor smiled, nor owned she loved !
 But, like the Parian marble there,
 So bright, so exquisitely fair,
 She seemed by Nature famed to bless,
 Rich in surpassing loveliness.
 But never from those lips of red
 A single syllable had fled,
 Since Amir Khan first blessed the hour'
 That placed Amreta in his bower ;
 Within that bower, 'mid twining roses,
 Upon whose leaves the breeze reposes,
 She sits unmoved, while round her flow,
 Strains of sweet music, sad and low ;
 Or now, in softer numbers breathing,
 A song of love and sorrow wreathing,
 Such strains as in wild sweetness ran
 Through the sad breast of Amir Khan !

He loved,—and oh! — he loved so well
 That sorrow scarce dared break the spell ;
 Though oft Suspicion whispered near
 One vague, one sadly boding fear,
 A fear that Heaven in wrath had made
 That face with seraph-charms array'd,
 And then denied in mockery there,
 To breathe upon a face so fair !
 Without that spark of heav'nly flame,
 Which burns unchanging, still the same,
 Without that bright ethereal charm,
 Oh! what were beauty's angel form ?

The breeze as it sweeps o'er the poisonous flow'r,
 Dripping with night's damp blistering show'r,

Laden with woe, disease, and death,
Fading youth's bloom with its passing breath,
Blighting each flower of various hue,
Ne'er o'er its fated victim threw
So dark a shade, a cloud so drear,
As hovered o'er the Subahdar.

Cool and refreshing sighs the breeze
Through the long walk of tzinnar-trees,^o
And cool upon the water's breast
The pale moon rocks herself to rest,—
Yes! calmer, brighter, cooler far
Than the fever'd brow of the Subahdar!

Amreta was fair as the morning beam,
As it glides o'er the wave of the Wuller's stream,^o
Bat oh! she was cold as the marble floor
That glitters beneath the nightly shower.
Where was that eye which none could scan,
Which once belonged to Amir Khan?
Where was that voice that mocked the storm?
Where was that tall, majestic form?
That eye was turn'd in love and woe
Upon Amreta's changeless brow,
That haughty form was bending low,
That voice was utt'ring vow on vow,
Beneath the lofty plane-tree's shade,
Before that cold Circassian maid!

“Oh speak, Amreta!—but one word!
Let one soft sigh confess I'm heard!
Those eyes (than those of yon gazelle
More bright) a tale of love might tell!
Then speak, Amreta! raise thine eye,
Blush, smile, or answer with a sigh.”

But 'twas in vain — no sigh — no word
 Told that his humble suit was heard ;
 Veiled 'neath their silken lashes there,
 Her dark eyes glanc'd no answered pray'r,
 Upon her cheek no blush was straying,
 Around her lip no smile was playing,
 And calm despair reigned darkly now,
 O'er Amir Khan's deep-clouded brow.

What pity that so fair a form
 Should want a heart with feeling warm !
 What pity that an eye so bright
 Should beam o'er Reason's clouded night !
 And like a star on Mahmoud's wave,¹⁰
 Should glitter o'er a dreary grave :
 A dark abyss — a sunless day,
 An endless night without one ray.

'T was at that day, that silent hour,
 When the tall poppy sheds its show'r,
 When all on earth, and all on high
 Seemed breathing slumber's sweetest sigh ;
 At that calm hour when Peris love
 To gaze upon the Heaven above,
 Whose portals, bright with many a gem,
 Are closed — for ever closed on *them* ;
 'T was at this silent, solemn hour,
 That, gliding from his summer bower,
 The Subahdar with noiseless step
 Steals like the night-breeze o'er the deep,

Where glides the haughty Subahdar ?
 Onward he glides to where afar
 Proud Hirney-Purvet rears his head¹¹
 High above Cashmere's blooming bed,

And twines his turban's fleecy fold
With many a brilliant ray of gold,
Or places on his brow of blue
The crescent with its silver hue ;

There 'neath a plantain's sacred shade,
Which deep, and dark, and widely spread,
Al Shinar's high prophetic form
Held secret counsel with the storm ;
His hand had grasped, with fearless might,
The mantle of descending night ;
Such matchless skill the prophet knew,
Such wond'rous feats his hand could do,
That Persia's realm astonished saw,
And Cashmere's valley gazed with awe !

Low bowed the lofty Amir Khan,
Before the high and mighty man,
And bending o'er the Naptha's stream,
Which onward rolled its fiery gleam,
The Subahdar in murmurs told
Of beauteous form, of bosom cold,
Of rayless eye, of changeless cheek,
Of tongue which could or would not speak.

At length the mourner's tale had ceased,
He crossed his hands upon his breast,
He spoke no word, he breathed no sigh,
But keenly fixed his piercing eye
Upon Al Shinar's gloomy brow,
In all the deep despair of woe ;
The Prophet paused ; — his eye he raised,
And stern and earnestly he gazed,
As if to pierce the sable veil
Which would conceal the mournful tale ; —

When, starting with a sudden blow,
He op'd a portal dark and low,
Which shrouded from each mortal eye
Al Shinar's cavern broad and high;
'T was bright, 't was exquisitely bright,
For founts of rich and living light
There poured their burning treasures forth,
Which sought again their parent earth.

Rich vases, with sweet incense streaming,
Mirrors a flood of brilliance beaming,
Fountain, and bath, and curling stream,
At every turn before them beam;
And marble pillars, pure and cold,
And glitt'ring roof, inlaid with gold,
And gems, and diamonds met his view
In wild and rich profusion too;
And had Amreta's smiles been given,
This place had been the Moslem heaven!

The Prophet paused;—while Amir Khan
Gazed, awe-struck, on the wond'rous man;
Al Shinar plucked a pale blue flow'r,
Which bent beneath the fountain's show'r,
Then slowly turned towards Amir Khan,
And placed the treasure in his hand.

“Mark me!” he cried;—“this pensive flower,
Gathered at midnight's magic hour,
Will charm each passion of the breast,
And calm each throbbing nerve to rest;
'T will leave thy bounding bosom warm,
Yet set death's seal upon thy form;
'T will leave thee stiff, and cold, and pale,
A slumberer 'neath an icy veil,

But still shall Reason's conscious reign
 Unbroken, undisturbed remain,
 And thou shalt hear, and feel, and know
 Each sigh, each touch, each throb of woe!"

Go, thou! and if Amreta be
 Worthy of love, and worthy thee,
 When she beholds thee pale and cold,
 Wrapped in the damp sepulchral fold;—
 When her eye wanders for that glow
 Once burning on thy marble brow;
 Then, if her bosom's icy frame
 Hath ever warmed 'neath passion's flame,
 'T will heave tumultuous as it glows
 Like Baikal's everlasting throes;
 And if, to-morrow eve, you press
 This pale cold flow'ret to your breast,
 Ere morning smiles, its spell will prove
 If that cold heart BE WORTH thy love!—

PART II.

THERE'S silence in the princely halls,
 And brightly blaze the lighted walls,
 While clouds of musk and incense rise
 From vases of a thousand dyes,
 And roll their perfumed treasures wide,
 In one luxuriant, fragrant tide;
 And glittering chandeliers of gold,
 Reflecting fire from every fold,
 Hung o'er the shrouded body there,
 Of Cashmere's once proud Subahdar!
 The crystal's and the diamond's rays
 Kindled a wide and brilliant blaze;

The ruby's blush, the coral's hue,
 By Peris dipped in Henni's dew,
 The topaz's rich and golden ray,
 The opal's flame — the agate grey,
 The amethyst of violet hue,
 The sapphire with its heav'nly blue,
 The snow-white jasper sparkling there
 Near the carbuncle's deep'ning glare ;
 The warm cornelian's blushing glow
 Reflected back the brilliant flow
 Of light, which in refulgent streams,
 O'er hall, o'er bower, and fountain beams.

O'er beds of roses, bright with dew,
 Unfolding modestly to view,
 Each trembling leaf, each blushing breast,
 In Cashmere's wildest sweetness dressed ;
 Through vistas long, through myrtle bowers,
 Where Amir Khan once passed his hours
 In gazing on Amreta's face,
 So full of beauty, full of grace,
 Through veils of silver bright and clear,
 It poured its softened radiance far ;
 Or beamed in pure and milky brightness,
 O'er urns of alabaster whiteness ;
 Through Persian screens of glittering gold,
 O'er many an altar's sacred fold,
 Where to Eternity will blaze
 The naphtha's never-fading rays,
 The Gheber's fire which dieth never,
 But burns, and beams, and glows for ever !

'T was silent—not a voice was heard—
 No sigh, no murmur, not one word,
 Was echoed through that brilliant hall,
 The spell of silence hung o'er all ;

For there had paused the wing of death,
The midnight spirit's withering breath.

At that still hour no sound arose
To break the charm of deep repose ;
The lake was glittering, and the breeze
Sighed softly through the the tzinnar trees,
And kissed the Wuller's wave of blue,
Or sipped the gull's light trembling dew ;
But not a murmur, not a sigh
Was wafted by the night-breeze by,
Through that wide hall and princely bower,
At midnight's calm and solemn hour !

Oh ! where was Love, his night-watch keeping ?
Or was the truant sweetly sleeping ?
Where was he at that hour of rest,
By him created, claimed, and blessed ?
Where were the tears of Love, and Sorrow,
The sigh which sympathy can borrow ?
Where were regret, and chill despair ?
Where was Amreta ?—where, Oh where ?

Hark ! 't is the night-breeze softly playing,
Through veils of glittering silver straying—
No ! 't is a step—so quick, so light,
That the wild flower which weeps at night,
Would raise again its drooping head,
To greet the footstep which had fled.

'Tis not the breeze which floats around,
Lifting the light veil from the ground :
No ! 't is a form of heav'nly mien
Hath dared to draw the curtain's screen.

Dimly, behind the fluttering veil,
Which trembles in the breathing gale,

A form appears of seraph mould
 As 'neath a light cloud's fleecy fold;
 The veil is drawn with hasty hand,
 Loosed is the rich embroidered band—
 'Tis solemn solitude around,
 There's not a murmur, not a sound—
 Again a snowy hand is seen,
 Again is raised the silken screen,
 And lo! with light and noiseless tread,
 Amreta glided from its shade!

Her veil was fluttering in the air,
 Her brow, as Parian marble fair,
 Was glittering bright with many a gem
 Set in a brilliant diadem;
 Her long dark hair was floating far,
 Braided with many a diamond star;
 Her eye was raised, and Oh! that eye
 Seemed only formed to gaze on high!
 For Oh, more piercing bright its beam
 Than diamonds 'neath Golconda's stream;
 That angel-eye was only given
 To look upon its native heaven!
 The glow upon her cheek was bright,
 But it came, and it fled like a meteor's light;
 A brilliant tear was still lingering there,
 And Oh, it was shed for the Subahdar!

O'er ev'ry tear the maiden shed,
 The heart of Amir Khan had bled;
 Now Amir Khan, she weeps for thee,
 Oh! what must be thy ecstasy?
 For Amir Khan Amreta weeps,
 Yet Amir Khan unheeding sleeps!
 Like crystal dew-drops purely glowing,
 O'er his pale brow her tears are flowing;

She wipes them with her veil away,
 Less sacred far—less sweet than they!

Where was that eye whose ardent gaze
 Had warmed her bosom with its rays?
 Where was that glance of love and woe?
 Where was that proud heart's throbbing glow?
 All, all was cold and silent there,
 And all was death, and dark despair!
 She hid her face, now cold and pale,
 Within her sweetly scented veil;
 Then seized her lute, and a strain so clear,
 So soft, so mournful arose on the air,
 That Oh! it was sweet as the music of heaven
 O'er a lost one returning, a sinner forgiven!
 Such notes as repentance in sorrow might sing,
 Notes wafted to heaven by Israfil's wing:—

SONG.

Star of the morning!—this bosom was cold,
 When forced from my native shade,
 And I wrapp'd me around in my mantle's fold,
 A mournful Circassian maid!

I vowed that rapture should never move
 This changeless cheek, this rayless eye,
 I vowed to feel neither bliss, nor love,—
 In silence to meet thee, and *then* to die!

Each burning sigh thy bosom hath breathed,
 Has been melting that chain away;
 The galling chain which around me I wreath'd,
 On the morn of that fatal day!

Tis done! and this night I have broken the vow
Which bound me in silence for ever!
And thy spirit hath fled from a world of woe,
To return again, never! Oh never!

My soul is sad! and my heart is weary!
For thy bosom is cold to me;
Without thy smile the world is dreary,
And I will fly with thee!

Together we'll float down eternity's stream,
Twin stars on the breast of the billow,
The splendours of Paradise round us shall beam,
And thy bosom shall be my pillow!

Then open thine arms bright star of the morning!
My grave in thy bosom shall be,
The glories of Paradise 'round us are dawning,
My Heaven is only with *thee*!

Hushed were the words, and hush'd the song,
Which sadly, sweetly flow'd along,
But Amir Khan's warm heart beat high,
Though closed and rayless was his eye;
And every note which struck his ear,
Whisper'd a hovering angel near;
And each warm tear that wet his cheek,
Her long-concealed regard bespeak;
His bosom bounded to be free,
And fluttered, — wild with ecstasy!
Oh! would the magic charm had passed!
Would that the morn would break at last!
But no — it will not, may not be!
He is not, nor can yet be free!

But hark ! Amreta's murmurs rise,
Sweet as the bird of Paradise ;
She bowed her head, and deeply sighed,
" Yes, Amir Khan, I am thy Bride !
And here the crimson hand of death
Shall wed us with a rosy wreath !
My blood shall join us as it flows,
And bind us in a deep repose ! " —

Beneath her veil a light is beaming,
A dagger in her hand is gleaming,
And livid was the light it threw,
A pale, cold, death-like stream of blue,
Around her form of angel brightness,
And o'er her brow of marble whiteness !

Awake ! Oh ! Amir Khan, awake ! —
Canst thou not rouse thee for *her* sake ?
Beside thee can Amreta stand,
The fatal dagger in her hand,
And canst thou still regardless lie,
And let thy loved Amreta die ?
Awake ! oh, Amir Khan ! awake,
And rouse thee for Amreta's sake !

— Like lightning from a midnight cloud,
The Subahdar, from 'neath his shroud,
Burst the cold, magic, death-like band,
And snatched the dagger from her hand !
The maiden sunk upon his breast,
And deep, and lengthened was her rest !
There was no sigh, no murmur there,
And scarcely breathed the Subahdar,
While almost fearing to be blest,
He clasped Amreta to his breast !

Deep buried in his mantle's fold,
He felt not that her cheek was cold;
His own heart throbbed with pleasure's thrill,
But whispered not that *hers* was still! —
—Yes! — the wild flow of blissful joy,
Which, bursting, threatened to destroy,
Gave to her soul a rest from feeling;
A transient torpor gently stealing
O'er beating pulse, and throbbing breast,
Had calmed her ev'ry nerve to rest;
— But see! the tide of life returns,
Once more her cheek with rapture burns,
Once more her dark eye's heav'nly beam
Pours forth its full and piercing gleam,
Once more her heart is bounding high,
Too full to weep — too blest to sigh!

NOTES TO AMIR KHAN.

I.

Beneath calm Cashmere's lovely vale, &c.

“*Cashmere*, called the happy valley, the garden in perpetual spring, and the Paradise of India.”

II.

The bulbul, with his lay of love, &c.

“The Bulbul, or Nightingale.”

III.

The gulnare blush'd a deeper hue, &c.

"Gulnare or Rose."

IV.

The lofty plane-tree's haughty brow, &c.

"*The Plane-tree*, that species termed *Platanus orientalis*, is commonly cultivated in Cashmere, where it is said to arrive at a greater perfection than in any other country. This tree, which in most parts of Asia is called the *Chinur*, grows to the size of an oak, and has a taper, straight trunk, with a silver-coloured bark, and its leaf, not unlike an expanded hand, is of a pale green. When in full foliage it has a grand and beautiful appearance, and in hot weather affords a refreshing shade."—*Foster*.

V.

And wide the plantain's arms were spread, &c.

"Plantain-trees are supposed to prevent the plague from visiting places, where they are found in abundance."—*Middleton's Geography*.

VI.

Knelt the once haughty Subahdar, &c.

"Subahdar, or Governor."

VII.

Since Amir Khan first blessed the hour, &c.

"To the east of this delightful spot is a fortified palace, erected by *Amir Khan*, a Persian, who was once Governor of Cashmere. He used to pass much of his time in this residence, which was curiously adapted to every species of Asiatic luxury."—*See Encyclopædia*, vol. v., part 2.

VIII.

Through the long walks of tzinnar-trees, &c.

"Their walks are curiously laid out, and set on both sides with *tzinnar-trees*, a species of poplar unknown in Europe. It

grows to the height of a pine, and bears a fruit resembling the chestnut, and it has broad leaves like those of the vine."—*Middleton's Geography*.

IX.

As it glides o'er the wave of the Wuller's stream, &c.

"A beautiful river passes through Cashmere, called the *Ouller*, or *Wuller*. There is an outlet, where it runs with greater rapidity and force than elsewhere, between two steep mountains, whence proceeding, after a long course, it joins with the Chelum.

X.

And like a star on Mahmoud's wave, &c.

"It appears like a lake covered with rocks and mountains. Stones, when thrown in, make a surprising noise, and the river itself is deemed unfathomable."—*Middleton's Geography*.

XI.

Proud *Hirney Purvit* rears his head, &c.

"There is an oval lake, which joins the Chelum towards the east.—The *Yucht Suliman* and *Hirney Purvit* form the two sides of what may be called a grand portal to the lake. They are hills; one of which is sacred to the great Solyman.

CHICOMICO.

THIS Poem I have discovered to be founded on the following actual occurrences: During the Seminole war, Duncan M. Rimmon, (the Rathmond of the poem,) a Georgia militiaman, was captured by the Indians. Hillis-adjo, their chief, condemned him to death. He was bound; but while the instruments of torture were preparing, the tender-hearted daughter of Hillis-adjo (the Chicomico of the tale) threw herself between the prisoner and his executioners, and interceded with her father for his release. She was successful. His life was spared. In the progress of the war, however, it was the fate of the generous Hillis-adjo (the prophet Francis) himself to be taken a prisoner of war, and it was thought necessary to put him to death. These are the facts which Miss D. has wrought up, with other characters, (probably fictitious,) to compose the whole of this poem. The *first part* of the poem is so incomplete, that I have thought it best to introduce the reader immediately to the *second part*. The war had broken out. Chicomico had solicited the presence of Ompahaw, a venerable chief, to aid her father Hillis-adjo against the whites, with Rathmond at their head. The battle is described, the Indians are victorious, and Rathmond is taken prisoner. Here the *second part* commences.

EDITOR.

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CHICOMICO.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

PART II.

WHAT sight of horror, fear and woe,
Now greets chief Hillis-ha-ad-joe?
What thought of blood now lights his eye?
What victim foe is doomed to die?
For his cheek is flushed, and his air is wild,
And he cares not to look on his only child.
His lip quivers with rage, his eye flashes fire
And his bosom beats high with a tempest of ire.
Alas! 't is Rathmond stands a prisoner now,
Awaiting death from Hillis-ha-ad-joe,
From Hillis-ha-ad-joe, the stern, the dread,
To whose vindictive, cruel, savage mind,
Loss after loss fast following from behind,
Had only added thirst insatiate for blood;
And now he swore by all his heart held dear,
That limb from limb his victims he would tear.

But ah! young Rathmond's case what tongue can tell?
Upon his hapless fate what heart can dwell?
To die when manhood dawns in rosy light,
To be cut off in all the bloom of life,
To view the cup untasted snatched from sight,
Is sure a thought with horror doubly rife.

Alas, poor youth ! how sad, how faint thy heart !

When memory paints the forms endeared by love ;
From these so soon, so horribly to part ;

Oh ! it would almost savage bosoms move !
But unextinguished Hope still lit his breast,
And aimless still, drew scenes of future rest !
Caught at each distant light which dimly gleamed,
Though sinking 'mid th' abyss o'er which it beamed !
Like the poor mariner, who, tossed around,
Strains his dim eye to ocean's farthest bound,
Paints, in each snowy wave, assistance near,
And as it rolls away, gives up to fear :
Dreads to look round, for death's on every side,
The low'ring clouds above the ocean wide :
He wails alone—"and scarce forbears to weep,"*
That his wreck'd bark still lingers on the deep !

E'en to the child of penury and woe,

Who knows no friend that o'er his grave will weep,
Whose tears in childhood's hour were taught to flow,
Looks with dismay across death's horrid deep !

Then, when suspended o'er that awful brink,

Snatch'd from each joy, which opening life may give,
Who would not from the prospect shuddering shrink,
And murmur out *one* hope-fraught prayer to live !"

But, see ! the captive is now dragged along,
While round him mingle yell and wild war-song !
The ring is formed around the high-raised pile,
Fagot o'er fagots reared with savage toil ;
Th' impatient warriors watch with burning brands,
To toss the death-signs from their ruthless hands !
Nearer, and nearer still the wretch is drawn,
All hope of life, of rescue, now is gone !
A horrid death is placed before his eyes ;
In fancy *now* he sees the flames arise,

* Campbell.

He hears the deaf'ning yell which drowns the cry
Of the poor victim's last, dire agony!
His heart was sick, he strove in vain to pray
To that great God, before whose awful bar
His lighten'd soul was soon to wing its way
From this sad world to other realms afar!

He raised his eyes to Heaven's blue arch above,
That pure retreat of mercy and of love;
When, lo! two fellow-sufferers caught his eye,
The prophet Montonoc *is doomed to die!*
His haughty spirit now must be brought low,
Long had he been the chieftain's direst foe:
The Indian's face was wrapped in mystic gloom,
As on they led him to his horrid doom.
A hectic flush upon his dark cheek burned,
His eye nor to the right nor left hand turned:
His lip nor quivered, nor turned pale with fear,
Though the death-note already met his ear.
Tall and majestic was his noble mien,
Erect, he seemed to brave the foeman's ire,
His step was bold, his features all serene,
As he approached the steep funereal pyre!

Close at his side, a figure glided slow,
Clad in the dark habiliments of woe,
Whose form was shrouded in a mantle's fold,
All, save one treacherous ringlet,—bright as gold.

The death-song's louder note shrill peals on high,
A signal that the victim soon must die!
While yell and war-note join the chorus still,
Till the wild dirge rebounds from hill to hill!
Rathmond now turned to snatch a last sad gaze,
Ere closed life's curtain o'er his youthful days;
When he beheld the dark, the piercing eye
Of Montonoc, the prophet doomed to die,

Bent upon *him* with such a steady gaze,
 That not more fixed was death's own horrid glaze!
 Then lifting his long swarthy finger high,
 To where the sun's bright beams just tinged the sky,
 And o'er the parting day its glories spread,
 Which was to close when their sad souls had fled,—
 "White man," he cried, in low mysterious tone,
 Caught but by Rathmond's listening ear alone,
 "Ere the bright eye of *yon red orb* shall sleep,
 This haughty chief his fallen tribe shall weep!"
 He said no more, for lo! the death-yells cease.
 'T is hushed! no sound is echoed through the place!
 The opening ring disclosed a female there,
 In a rich mantle shrouded, save her hair,
 Which long and dark, luxuriant round her hung,
 With many a clear, white pearl and dew-drop strung!

She threw back the mantle which shaded her face,
 She spoke not, but looked the pale spirit of woe!
 The angel of mercy! the herald of grace!
 Knelt the sorrowful daughter of Hillis-ad-joe!
 "My father! my father!" the maiden exclaims,
 "Oh doom not the white man to die midst the flames!
 'T is thy daughter who kneels! 't is Chicomico sues!
 Can my father, the friend of my childhood, refuse?
 This heart is the white man's! with him will I die!
 With him, to the Great Spirit's mansion I'll fly!
 The flames which to heaven will waft *his* pure soul,
 Round the form of *thy* daughter encircling shall roll!
My life is *his* life—*his* fate shall be *mine*;
 For *his* image around *thy child's* heart will entwine!"

Man's breast may be cruel, and savage, and stern;
 From the sufferings of others it heedless may turn;
 To the pleadings of want, to the wan face of woe,
 To the sorrow-wrung drops which around it may flow,

But 't will melt like the snow on the Apennine's breast,
As the sunbeam falls light, on its fancy-crowned crest,
When the voice of a *child* to its cold ear is given,
Fill'd with sorrow's sad notes like the music of Heaven.

"Loose the white man," the king in an agony cried,
"My child, what *you* plead for, can ne'er be denied!
The pris'ner is *yours!* to enslave or to free!
I yield him, Chicomico, wholly to *thee*;
But remember!" he cried, while pride conquered his
woe,

"Remember, thy father is Hillis-ad-joe!"
He frowned, and his brow, like the curtains of night,
Looked darker, when tinged by a moon-beam of light;
Chicomico saw—she saw, and with dread,
The storm, which returning, might burst o'er her head;
And quickly to Rathmond she turned with a sigh,
While a love-brightened tear veiled her heavenly eye.

"Go, white man, go! without a fear;
Remember you to *one* are dear;
Go! and may peace your steps attend;
Chicomico will be your friend.
To-morrow eve, with us may close
Joyful, and free from cares or woes;
To-morrow eve may also end,
And find me here without a friend!
Remember then the Indian maid,
Whose voice the burning brand hath stayed!
But should I be, as now I am,
And thou in prison and in woe,
Think that this heart is still the same,
And turn thee to Chicomico!
Then, go! yes, go! while yet you may,
Dread death awaits you, if you stay!
May the Great Spirit guard and guide
Your footsteps through the forest wide!"

She said, and wrapped the mantle near
 Her fragile form, with hasty hand,
 Just bowed her head, and shed one tear,
 Then sped him to his native land.

The wind is swift, and mountain hart,
 From huntsman's bow, the feathered dart;
 But swifter far the pris'ner's flight,
 When freed from dungeon-chains and night!
 So Rathmond felt, but wished to show
 How much he owed Chicomico;
 But she had fled; she did not hear!
 She did not mark the grateful tear
 Which quivered in the hero's eye;
 Nor did she catch the half-breathed sigh;
 And Heaven alone could hear the prayer,
 Which Rathmond's full heart proffered there.

PART III.

WHILE swift on his way young Rathmond sped,
 Death's horrors awaited those he fled.
 Already were the prisoners bound,
 One word, and every torch would fly;
 No step was heard, nor feeblest sound,
 Save the death-raven's wing on high!
 The sign was given, each blazing brand
 Like lightning, shot from every hand;
 The crackling, sparkling fagots blazed,—
 Then Montonoc his dark eye raised;
 He whistled shrill—an answering call
 Told that each foeman then should fall!
 Sudden a band of warriors flew
 From earth, as if from earth they grew.

The brake, the fern, and hazel-down,
Blazed brightly in the sinking sun ;
Confusion, blood, and carnage then
Spread their broad pinions o'er the glen ;
The blazing brands were quenched in blood,
And Montonoc unshackled stood !
He paused one moment—dark he frowned,
By dire revenge and slaughter crowned ;
Then bent his bow, let loose the dart,
And pierced the foeman Chieftain's heart.
Yes, Montonoc, thy arrow sped,
For Hillis-ha-ad-joe is dead !

And now within their hidden tent,
The conquered make their sad lament ;
Before them lay their slaughtered king,
While slowly round they form the ring ;
Dread e'en in death, the Chieftain's form
Seemed made to stride the whirlwind storm :
Upon his brow a dreadful frown
Still lingered as the warrior's crown ;
And yet it seemed as mortal ire
Still sparkled in that eye of fire,
And blazing, soon should light the face
O'er which death's shadow held its place,
And like the lightning 'neath a cloud,
Shoot, flaming from its sable shroud.
But, hark ! low notes of sorrow break
The solemn calm, and o'er the lake,
Float on the bosom of the gale ;
Hark ! 't is the Chieftain's funeral wail !

Fallen, fallen, fallen low
 Lies great Hillis-ha-ad-joe !
 To the land of the dead,
 By the white man sped !

In his hunting garb they shall welcome him there,
 To the land of the bow, and the antlered deer !
 Fallen is Hillis-ha-ad-joe !
 Chaunt his death-dirge sad and slow ;
 In the battle he fell, in the fight he died,
 And many a brave warrior sunk by his side.
 In his hunting garb they shall welcome him there,
 To the land of the bow, and the antlered deer.

The sun is sinking in the deep,
 Our "mighty fallen one" we weep ;
 Fallen is Hillis-ha-ad-joe !
 The axe has laid our broad oak low !
 In his hunting garb they shall welcome him there,
 To the land of the bow, and the antlered deer.

The last sad note had sunk on the breeze,
 Which mournfully sighed among the dark trees,
 When a form thickly shrouded, swift glided along,
 But joined not her voice to the funeral song.
 When the notes cease, she knelt, and in accents of woe,
 Besought the Great Spirit for Hillis-ad-joe.
 Her words were but few, and her manner was wild,
 For she was the slaughtered Chief's poor orphan
 child !
 She raised her dark eye to the sun sinking red,
 She looked, and that glance told that reason had fled !

Why does thy eye roll wild, Chicomico ?
 Why dost thou shake like aspen's quivering bough ?
 Why o'er that fine brow streams thy raven hair ?
 Read ! for the "wreck of reason's written there !"
 'T is true ! the storm was high, the surges wild,
 And reason fled the Chieftain's orphan child !
 Thou poor heart-broken wretch on life's wild sea,
 Say ! who is left to love, to comfort thee ?

All, all are gone, and thou art left alone,
Like the last rose, by autumn rudely blown.

But she has fled, the wild and winged wind
Is by her left, long loitering far behind !
But whither has she fled ? to wild-wood glen,
Far from the cares, the joys, the haunts of men !
Her bed the rock, her drink the rippling stream,
And murdered friends her ever constant dream !
Her wild death-song is wafted on the gale,
Which echoes round the Chieftain's funeral wail !
Her little skiff she paddles o'er the lake,
And bids " the Daughter of the Voice," awake !
From hill to hill the shrieking echoes run,
To greet the rising and the setting sun.

PART IV.

THE lake is calm, the sun is low,
The whippoorwill is chaunting slow,
And scarce a leaf through the forest is seen
To wave in the breeze its rich mantle of green.
Fit emblem of a guiltless mind,
The glassy waters calmly lie ;
Unruffled by a breath of wind,
Which o'er its shining breast may sigh !
The shadow of the forest there
Upon its bosom soft may rest ;
The eagle-heights, which tower in air,
May cast their dark shades o'er its breast.

But hark ! approaching paddles break
The stillness of that azure lake !
Swift o'er its surface glides the bark,
Like lightning's flash, like meteor spark.

It seemed, as on the light skiff flew,
 As it scarce kissed the wave's deep blue,
 Which, dimpling round the vessel's side,
 Sparkled and whirled in eddies wide!

Who guides it through the yielding lake?
 Who dares its magic calm to break?
 'Tis Montonoc! his piercing eye
 Is raised to where the western hill
 Rears its broad forehead to the sky,
 Battling the whirlwind's fury still.

'Twas Montonoc, and with him there
 Was that strange form, with golden hair!
 Wrapped in the self-same garb, as when
 Surrounded by those savage men,
 The stranger had, with Montonoc,
 Been led before the blazing stake!
 Swift, swift, the light skiff forward flew,
 Till it had crossed the waters blue;
 Both leaped like lightning to the land,
 And left the skiff upon the strand;
 Far mid the forest then they fled,
 And mingled with its dark brown shade.

The oak's broad arms in the breeze were creaking,
 The bird of the gloomy brow was shrieking,
 When a note on the night-wind was wafted along,
 A note of the dead chieftain's funeral song.
 A form was seen wandering in frantic woe,
 'T was the maniac daughter of Hillis-ad-joe!
 Her dark hair was borne on the night-wind afar,
 And she sung the wild dirge of the Blood-hound of
 War!

She ceased when she came near the breeze-ruffled
lake ;
She ceased—was't the wind sighing o'er the long
brake ?
Wast 't the soft rippling wave ?—was't the murmur
of trees ?
Which bending, were brushed by the wing of the
breeze ?
Ah, no ! for she shrieked, as her piercing eye caught
A form which her frenzied brain never forgot !—
'T was Rathmond ! yes, Rathmond before her now
stood,
And he glanced his full eye on the child of the wood.

“Chicomico !” he cried, his voice sad and low,
“Chicomico !” we are the children of woe !
Oh, come, then ! oh, come ! and thy Rathmond's
strong arm
Shall shelter thee ever from danger and harm ;
'T is true, I have loved with the passion of youth !
I have loved ; and let Heaven attest with what truth !
But, Cordelia, thy ashes are mixed with the dead—”
(Here his eye flashed more fierce, and his pale cheek
turned red)

“'T was *thy* father, Chicomico—yes, 't was *thy* sire,
Who kindled the loved saint's funereal pyre !
But, 't is passed”—(and he crossed his cold, quivering
hand

O'er a brow that was burning like Zahara's sand,)
“'T is pass'd !—and Chicomico, *thou* didst preserve
The life of a wretch, who now never can love !
That life is thy own, with a heart, that though chilled
To passion's soft throb, is with gratitude filled !”

* * * * *

She turned her dark eye, from which reason's bright fire
Had fled, with the ghosts of her friends—of her sire ;

"Young Eagle!" she cried, "when my father was slain,

What white man, who ravaged along that dread plain,
Withheld the dire blow, and plead for the life
Of Hillis-ad-joe?—and say, who in that strife,
Stayed the arm that bereft me, and left me alone?

Yes, Young Eagle! my father, my brothers are gone!
Wouldst thou ask me to linger behind them, while they
To yon Heaven in the west are wending their way!
And, hark! the Great Spirit, whose voice sounds on
high,

Bids me come! and see, white man, how gladly I
fly!"

More swift than the deer, when the hounds are in
view,

To the bark that was stranded, Chicomico flew!
She dashed the light oar in the waves' foaming spray
And thus wildly she sung, as she darted away:

"I go to the land in the west,
The Great Spirit calls me away!
To the land of the just and the blest,
The Great Spirit points me the way!

"Like snow on the mountain's crest,
Like foam on the fountain's breast,
Hillis-ad-joe and his kinsmen have passed!
Like the sun's setting ray in the west,
When it sinks on the wave to rest,
The dead chieftain's daughter is coming at last!

"Too long has she lingered behind,
Awaiting the Great Spirit's voice!
But hark! it calls loud in the wind,
And Chicomico now will rejoice!

"I go to the land in the west:
The Great Spirit calls me away!

To the land of the just and the blest,
The Great Spirit points me the way!"

The wild notes sunk upon the gale,
And echo caught them not again!
For the breeze which bore the maiden's wail,
Wafted afar the last sad strain!

'T was said, that shrieking 'mid the storm,
The maiden oft was seen to glide,
And oft the hunters mark'd her form,
As swift she darted through the tide.

And once along the calm lake shore,
Her light canoe was she seen to guide,
But the maid and her bark are seen no more
To float along the rippling tide.

For the billows foamed, and the winds did roar,
And her lamp, as it glimmered amid the storm,
A moment blazed bright, and was seen no more,
For it sunk 'mid the waves with her maniac form!

THE FAREWELL.

Adieu, Chicomico, adieu;
Soft may'st thou sleep amid the wave,
And 'neath thy canopy of blue
May sea-maids deck thy coral grave.

'T was but a feeble voice which sung
Thy hapless tale of youthful woe;
But ah! that weak, that infant tongue
Will ne'er another story know.

And tho' the rough and foaming surge,
And the wild whirlwind whistling o'er,
Should rudely chaunt thy funeral dirge,
And send the notes from shore to shore;

Still shall *one* voice be heard, above
 The dreadful "music of the spheres!"
 The voice of one whose song is love,
 Embalm'd by sorrow's saddest tears.

PART V.

THE fourth day found the dark tribe brooding o'er
 Their chieftain's body, chieftain now no more!
 As fire half-querch'd, some faint spark lives,
 Glimmers, half dies, and then revives,
 Revives to kindle far and wide,
 And spread with devastating stride;
 So glimmered, so revived, so spread
 The mourners' rage around the dead!
 Their quivers o'er their shoulders flung,
 Up rose the aged and the young;
 And swore, as tenants of the wood,
 By all their hearts held dear or good,
 That, ere another sun should rise,
 Their slaughtered foes should glut their eyes.
 They swore revenge and bloodshed too,
 As their slain chieftain's rightful due,
 They swore that blood should freely flow
 For their poor, lost Chicomico!

'T was evening: all was fair and still;
 The orb of night now sparkling on the rill;
 Now glittering o'er the fern, and water-brake,
 Cast its broad eye-beam o'er the lake!
 Far through the forest, where no footpath lay,
 Old Montonoc pursued his onward way;
 The fair-haired stranger hung upon his arm,
 Shook at each noise, and trembled with alarm;
 "Well do I know the woodland way,
 For I have tracked it many a day,

When mountain bear or wilder deer
Have called me to this forest drear.
Fear'st thou with Montonoc to stray,
Why wand'rest thou so far away,
From friends, from safety, and from home,
To war, and weariness, and gloom?
Thou must not hope, as yet, to bear
Free from disguise that form so dear;
It must not, and it will not be,
Till, buried in the dark Monee,
The last of yonder tribe of blood,
Lies weltering in the sable flood!
But rest thee on this fresh green seat,
And I will trace his wandering feet;
Warn him to watch the lurking foe,
Whose bloody breasts for vengeance glow;
Then rest thee here; within yon dell
I saw his form, and knew him well!"

Thus spoke the prophet of the wood,
As near the stranger maid he stood.

"Then go," she cried, half-faltering, "go!
Bid him beware the bloody foe!
But give me, ere we part," she cried,
"Yon blood-stained death-blade from your side;
Perhaps this arm, though weak, may find
Strength, in the hour of deep distress;
Go! my preserver, and my friend,
May heaven thy steps and efforts bless!"

Cautious and swift the Indian went;
His head was raised, his bow was bent,
And as he on, like wild-deer, sped,
So light, so silent, was his tread,
That scarce a leaf was heard to move,
Of flower below, or branch above!

Where Rathmond, with a heart of woe,
Had gazed on lost Chicomico,
There, on that spot, the prophet's eye
Mark'd the young warrior's farewell sigh.
"Why lingerest thou here, Young Eagle," he cried,
"The foe 'neath the fern, and the dark hazel hide!
Blood, blood! be our war-cry, for vengeance is theirs!
Their arrows are winged by despair and by fears!
When the last of the tribe of Hillis-ad-joe,
Hath plunged him beneath the deep waters below,
Thy heart shall possess all it wishes for here,
Unchilled by a sigh, unbedewed by a tear!
But till then, cold and vacant thy bosom shall be,
And the idol to which thou hast bended thy knee,
Shall mark thee, and love thee, in peril and woe,
Yet till then that dear being thou never shalt know!"

"What meanest thou, prophet of the eagle-eye,
By thy mysterious prophecy?
Well knowest thou that yon bloody chief
Doomed her to death, and me to grief!
That round that form, the wild flames rolled
And wafted far her angel soul!
Why didst thou not arrest the brand?
For, prophet, fate was in thy hand."

"'T is well," the Indian calmly said,
"'T is well," and bowed to earth his head;
"But," he exclaimed, with eye less grave,
"I left a skiff on yonder wave—
Say, dark-eyed Eagle, dost thou know
Aught of the dire, blood-thirsty foe?"

"No, Montonoc! no foe was she,
Who plunged adown the swift Monee.
Chicomico is cold and damp!
The wave her couch—the moon her lamp;

But mark! adown the foaming stream
 The barks beneath the moon's pale beam!
 What bode they? or of weal, or woe?
 Do they betoken friend or foe?
 Perchance to rouse the wildwood deer
 The Indian hunters landed there."

Back they retraced their steps, till from the hill
 A female shriek rang loud, distinct, and shrill!
 Both start, both stop, and Montonoc's dark eye
 Flashed like a meteor of the northern sky.—
 But hark! what cry of savage joy is there,
 Borne through the forest on the midnight air?

It is the foe!—the band of blood-hounds came,
 Who erst had lit the Chieftain's funeral flame!
 Revenge and death around their arrows gleam,
 And murder shudders 'neath the moon's pale beam!
 The fiercest warrior of their tribe, their chief,
 Sage in the council, bloody in the strife,
 High towered dark Wompaw's snowy plume in air,
 Waved on the breeze, and shone a beacon there!
 Old Ompahaw, with brow of fire,
 And bosom burning high with ire
 And sparkling eye, and burning brand,
 Which gleamed athwart both lake and strand,
 Still echoed back the lengthened yell
 Which startled wildwood, rock, and dell!
 And more were there, so dread, so wild,
 Nature might shudder at her child,
 And curse the hand that e'er had made
 So dark a stain, so deep a shade!

On, on they flew, with lengthened stride
 But, ah! the victims, where are they?—
 Naught but the lake lies open wide,
 And the broad bosom of the bay!

But, ah! 't is well;—that shrill shriek toll'd
The death-knell of their chief once more!
Yes, Rathmond, yes, the deed was bold,
That stretched yon white plume on the shore!

Safe crouch'd 'neath fern-bush, dark and low,
Rathmond had truly bent his bow,
And Montonoc, with steady eye,
From 'mid the oak's arms broad and high,
Took aim as sure; his arrows sped,
And many a bloody foe is dead!
Wide tumult spreads!—afar they fly,
Each rustling brake, which meets the eye,
Seems shrouding still some warrior there,
With bloody brand and eye of fire.
Slow dropping from his safe retreat,
The prophet glides to Rathmond's seat;
Then raised loud yells of various tone,
Such as are given at victory won,
And Rathmond joined, till long and high,
Rang the loud chorus to the sky!
Hark! o'er the rocks, the shrieks are answered wild
Can it be Echo, Nature's darling child?
No—'t is a whoop of horror and despair,
Which knows no sympathy, which sheds no tear!

Lo! on yon cliff, which frowns above the wave,
Mark the stern warriors hovering o'er their grave!
'T is done: the sullen bosom of the bay
Opens and closes o'er its sinking prey!

One hollow splashing, as the waters part,
Sad welcome of the victim to his bed,
One mournful, shuddering echo, and the heart
Turns, chilled, at length, from scenes of death and
dread!

But ah! like some sad spectre lingering near,
A form still hovers o'er the scene of woe;—
Does it await its hour of vengeance here,
Watching the cold forms weltering below?

The morn was dawning slowly in the east,
A few faint gleams of light were bursting through,
When the dread warriors sought the lake's calm
breast,
And sullen sunk amid its waters blue!

That rude, wild phantom hovering there,
Poised on the precipice mid-way in air,
Like some stern spirit of the dead,
Rising indignant from its bed,
Was Ompahaw! alone, he stood,
Gazing on Heaven, on hill, and wood!
His eye was wilder than the eagle's glare;
Its glance was triumph, mingled with despair!
Far floated on the breeze his plumes of red,
Waving in warlike pride around his head;
His bow was aimless, bent within his hand;
His scalping-knife was gleaming in its band;
And his gay dress, bedecked for battle's storm,
Was wildly fluttering round his warrior-form!

"Farewell!" he cried, "this aged hand
Draws the last bow-string of our band!"
He spoke, and, sudden as the lightning's glance,
The dart, one moment, o'er the waters danced;
Like comet's blaze, like shooting star,
It whirled across the waters far!
The dark lake sparkled, as the arrow fell,
Foaming, death's herald, a last, bright farewell!
Then from his belt his tomahawk he tore,
"Man shall ne'er stain thy blade again with gore!"

Then raised on high his arm, and wildly sung
The death-song of his tribe, till nature rung !

THE DEATH - SONG.

"The last of the tribe of Hillis-ad-joe
Falls not by the hand of the bloody foe
But they fled to the Heaven of peace in the west,
The Great Spirit called, and they flew to be blessed !

"From the dark rock's frowning brow
They flew to the deep below ;
They feared not, for the Heaven of peace in the west
Was smiling them welcome, sweet welcome to rest !

"The last of the tribe of Hillis-ad-joe
Now plunges him 'mid the deep waters below !
I come, Great Spirit, take me to thy rest !
Lo ! my freed soul is winged towards the west !"

'T is past ! the rude, wild sons of Nature sleep,
Calm, undisturbed, amid the waters deep !
'T is past !—the deed is done, the tribe has gone !
Not one is left to mourn it, no, not one !

The last of all that tribe of blood
Lies weltering in the sable flood !
Oh ! where is yonder fair-haired maid ?
Say, whither hath the lone one strayed ?
'Mid the wild tumult of the strife,
Where fled she from the scalping-knife ?
Angels around her spread their arm,
And shrouded her from fear and harm !
But oh ! what shriek rang shrill and clear,
And echoed still in Rathmond's ear ?
Why should he note that voice, that scream ?
Was it his fancy, or a dream ?

Or was it—hope illumed his eye,
And pointed to the prophecy!

“But no!—’t were madness to return
To those bright scenes of joy,” he cried,
“Her bones are whitening in the sun,
Her ashes scattered far and wide!”

But where is Montonoc? alone,
Rathmond is musing on the strand;
Say, whither has the prophet gone?
Why does young Rathmond heedless stand?

Oh! he is picturing to his vacant breast
Those scenes of joy, those moments doubly blessed
Which youthful hope had promised should be his,
When all was light, and love, and cloudless bliss!
Oh! he was sighing o’er the dreary waste,
Left in that bosom, which had loved so well!
Oh! he was wishing for some place of rest,
Some gloomy cavern, or some lonely cell!

But, ah! the voice of Montonoc is heard,
Loud as the notes of yonder gloomy bird
“Eagle!” he cried, “the fatal charm hath passed!
The blood-red tribe have darkly sunk at last!
And, warrior, now I yield unto thy power
The latest trophy of my life’s last hour!
Deal with him as thou wilt, for he is thine!
But mark! ’t was I who gave, for he was mine!
Adieu! I go!”—He closed his fiery eye,
And his stern spirit flew to heaven on high!

The prisoner sighed, and mutely gazed awhile
Upon the fallen prophet’s brow of toil,
Then towards the warrior turned, dropped the da:
hood,
And, lo! Cordelia before Rathmond stood!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CHARITY.

A VERSIFICATION OF PART OF THE THIRTEENTH
CHAPTER OF FIRST CORINTHIANS.

(Written in her twelfth year.)

THOUGH I were gifted with an angel's tongue,
And voice like that with which the prophets sung,
Yet if mild charity were not within,
'T were all an impious mockery and sin.

Though I the gift of prophecy possessed,
And faith like that which Abraham professed,
They all were like a tinkling cymbal's sound,
If meek-eyed charity did not abound.

Though I to feed the poor my goods bestow,
And to the flames my body I should throw,
Yet the vain act would never cover sin,
If heaven-born charity were not within.

TO SCIENCE.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Let others in false Pleasure's court be found,
But may I ne'er be whirled the giddy round;
Let me ascend with Genius' rapid flight,
Till the fair hill of Science meets my sight.

Blest with a pilot who my feet will guide,
Direct my way, whene'er I step aside ;
May one bright ray of Science on me shine,
And be the gift of learning ever mine.

PLEASURE.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Away ! unstable, fleeting Pleasure,
Thou troublesome and gilded treasure ;
When the false jewel changes hue,
There's naught, O man, that's left for you !
What many grasp at with such joy,
Is but her shade, a foolish toy ;
She is not found at every court,
At every ball, and every sport,
But in that heart she loves to rest,
That's with a guiltless conscience blest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

The Shepherd feeds his fleecy flock with care,
And mourns to find one little lamb has strayed ;
He, unfatigued, roams through the midnight air,
O'er hills, o'er rocks, and through the mossy glade

But when that lamb is found, what joy is seen
Depicted on the careful shepherd's face,
When, sporting o'er the smooth and level green,
He sees his fav'rite charge is in its place.

Thus the great Shepherd of his flock doth mourn,
 When from his fold a wayward lamb has strayed,
 And thus with mercy he receives him home,
 When the poor soul his Lord has disobeyed.

There is great joy among the saints in heaven,
 When one repentant soul has found its God,
 For Christ, his Shepherd, hath his ransom given,
 And sealed it with his own redeeming blood !

LINES,

WRITTEN UNDER THE PROMISE OF REWARD.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Whene'er the muse pleases to grace my dull page,
 At the sight of *reward*, she flies off in a rage ;
 Prayers, threats, and entreaties I frequently try,
 But she leaves me to scribble, to fret, and to sigh.

She torments me each moment, and bids me go write,
 And when I obey her, she laughs at the sight ;
 The rhyme will not jingle, the verse has no sense,
 And against all her insults I have no defence.

I advise all my friends, who wish me to write,
 To keep their rewards and their praises from sight ;
 So that jealous Miss Muse won't be wounded in pride,
 Nor Pegasus rear, till I've taken my ride.

TO THE
MEMORY OF HENRY KIRK WHITE.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

In yon lone valley where the cypress spreads
Its gloomy, dark, impenetrable shades,
The mourning *Nine*, o'er White's untimely grave
Murmur their sighs, like Neptune's troubled wave.

There sits Consumption, sickly, pale, and thin,
Her joy evincing by a ghastly grin ;
There his deserted garlands with'ring lie,
Like him they droop, like him untimely die.



STILLING THE WAVES.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

“ And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea,
‘ Peace, be still ! ’ ”

Be still, ye waves, for Christ doth deign to tread
On the rough bosom of your watery bed !
Be not too harsh your gracious Lord to greet,
But, in soft murmurs, kiss his holy feet ;
’T is He alone can calm your rage at will,
This is His sacred mandate, “ Peace, be still ! ”

A SONG.

(IN IMITATION OF THE SCOTCH.)

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Wha is it that caemeth sae blithe and sae swift,
 His bonnet is far frae his flaxen hair lift,
 His dark een rolls gladsome, i' the breeze floats his
 plaid,
 And surely he bringeth nae news that is sad.
 Ah! say, bonny stranger, whence caemest thou now?
 The tiny drop trickles frae off thy dark brow.

“I come,” said the stranger, “to spier my lued hame,
 And to see if my Marion still were the same;
 I hae been to the battle, where thousands hae bled,
 And chieftains fu' proud are wi' mean peasants laid;
 I hae fought for my country, for freedom, and fame,
 And now I'm returning wi' speed to my hame.”

“Gude Spirit of Light!” ('t was a voice caught his
 ear)

“And is it me ain Norman's accents I hear?
 And has the fierce Southron then left me my child!
 Or am I wi' sair, sair anxiety wild?”
 He turned to behold — 't is his mother he sees!
 He flies to embrace her — he falls on his knees.

“Oh! where is my father?” a tear trickled down,
 And silently moisten'd the warrior's cheek brown:
 “Ah! sure my heart sinks, sae sair in my breast,
 Too sure he frae all the world's trouble doth rest!”
 “But where is my Marion?” his pale cheek turned
 red,
 And the glistening tear in his eye was soon dried.

"She lives!" and he knew 't was his Marion's sweet
 tone,
 "She lives," exclaims Marion, "for Norman alone!"
 He saw her: the rose had fled far from her cheek,
 But Norman still lives! his Marion is found;
 By the adamant chains of blithe Hymen they're
 bound.

EXIT FROM EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

When Israel's sons, from cruel bondage freed,
 Fled to the land by righteous Heaven decreed;
 Insulting Pharaoh quick pursued their train,
 E'en to the borders of the troubled main.

Affrighted Israel stood alone dismayed,
 The foe behind, the sea before them laid;
 Around, the hosts of bloody Pharaoh fold,
 And wave o'er wave the raging Red Sea rolled.

But God, who saves his chosen ones from harm,
 Stretched to their aid his all-protecting arm,
 And lo! on either side the sea divides,
 And Israel's army in its bosom hides.

Safe to the shore through watery walls they march,
 And once more hail kind Heaven's aerial arch;
 Far, far behind, the cruel foe is seen,
 And the dark waters roll their march between.

The God of vengeance stretched his arm again,
 And heaving, back recoiled the foaming main;
 And impious Pharaoh 'neath the raging wave,
 With all his army, finds a watery grave.

Rejoice, O Israel ! God is on your side,
 He is your champion, and your faithful guide ;
 By day, a cloud is to your footsteps given,
 By night, a fiery column towers to heaven.

Then Israel's children marched by day and night,
 Till Sinai's mountain rose upon their sight :
 There righteous Heaven the flying army staid,
 And Israel's sons the high command obeyed.

To Sinai's mount the trembling people came,
 'T was wrapped in threat'ning clouds, in smoke, and
 flame ;

A silent awe pervaded all the van ;
 Not e'en a murmur through the army ran.
 High Sinai shook ! dread thunders rent the air !
 And horrid lightnings round its summit glare !
 'T was God's pavilion, and the black'ning clouds,
 Dark hov'ring o'er, his dazzling glory shrouds.

To Heaven's dread court the intrepid leader came,
 T' receive its mandate in the people's name ;
 Loud trumpets peal—the awful thunders roll,
 Transfixing terrors in each guilty soul.

But lo ! he comes, arrayed in shining light,
 And round his forehead plays a halo bright :
 Heaven's high commands with trembling were re-
 ceived,
 Heaven's high commands were heard, and were be-
 lieved.

THE LAST FLOWER OF THE GARDEN.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

The last flower of the garden was blooming alone,
 The last rays of the sun on its blushing leaves shone ;

Still a glittering drop on its bosom reclined,
 And a few half-blown buds 'midst its leaves were en-
 twined.

Say, lonely one, say, why ling'rest thou here?
 And why on thy bosom reclines the bright tear?
 'T is the tear of a zephyr—for summer 't was shed,
 And for all thy companions now withered and dead.

Why ling'rest thou here, when around thee are strown
 The flowers once so lovely, by Autumn blast blown?
 Say, why, sweetest flow'ret, the last of thy race,
 Why ling'rest thou here the lone garden to grace?

As I spoke, a rough blast, sent by Winter's own hand,
 Whistled by me, and bent its sweet head to the sand;
 I hastened to raise it—the dew-drop had fled,
 And the once lovely flower was withered and dead.

ODE TO FANCY.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Fancy, sweet and truant sprite,
 Steals on wings, as feathers light,
 Draws a veil o'er Reason's eye,
 And bids the guardian senses fly.

Soft she whispers to the mind,
 Come, and trouble leave behind:
 She banishes the fiend Despair,
 And shuts the eyes of waking Care.

Then, o'er precipices dark,
 Where never reached the wing of lark,
 Fearing no harm, she dauntless flies,
 Where rocks on rocks dread frowning rise,

When Autumn shakes his hoary head,
 And scatters leaves at every tread;
 Fancy stands with list'ning ear,
 Nor starts, when shrieks affrighted Fear.

There's music in the rattling leaf,
 But 'tis not for the ear of Grief;
 There's music in the wind's hoarse moan,
 But 'tis for Fancy's ear alone.

THE BLUSH.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Why that blush on Ella's cheek,
 What doth the flitting wand'rer seek?
 Doth passion's black'ning tempest scowl,
 To agitate my Ella's soul?

Return, sweet wand'rer, fear no harm;
 The heart which Ella's breast doth warm,
 Is virtue's calm, serene retreat;
 And ne'er with passion's storm did beat.

Return, and calmly rest, till love
 Shall thy sweet efficacy prove;
 Then come, and thy loved place resume,
 And fill that cheek with youthful bloom.

A blush of nature charms the heart
 More than the brilliant tints of art;
 They please awhile, and please no more—
 We hate the things we loved before.

But no unfading tints were those,
 Which to my Ella's cheek arose;

They please the raptured heart, and fly
 Before they pall the gazing eye.

'T was not the blush of guilt or shame,
 Which o'er my Ella's features came ;
 'T was she, who fed the poor distressed,
 'T was she the indigent had blessed ;

For her their prayers to heaven were raised,
 On her the grateful people gazed ;
 'T was then the blush suffused her cheek,
 Which told what words can never speak.

ON AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

What heavenly music strikes my ravished ear,
 So soft, so melancholy, and so clear ?
 And do the tuneful Nine then touch the lyre,
 To fill each bosom with poetic fire ?

Or does some angel strike the sounding strings,
 Catching from echo the wild note he sings ?
 But hark ! another strain, how sweet, how wild !
 Now rising high, now sinking low and mild.

And tell me now, ye spirits of the wind,
 Oh, tell me where those artless notes to find !
 So lofty now, so loud, so sweet, so clear,
 That even angels might delighted hear !

But hark ! those notes again majestic rise,
 As though some spirit, banished from the skies,
 Had hither fled to charm Æolus wild,
 And teach him other music sweet and mild.

Then hither fly, sweet mourner of the air,
 Then hither fly, and to my harp repair;
 At twilight chaunt the melancholy lay,
 And charm the sorrows of thy soul away.

THE COQUETTE.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

I hae nae sleep, I hae nae rest,
 My Ellen's lost for aye,
 My heart is sair and much distressed,
 I surely soon must die.

I canna think o' wark at a',
 My eyes still wander far,
 I see her neck like driven snaw,
 I see her flaxen hair.

Sair, sair, I begged; she would na' hear,
 She proudly turned awa',
 Unmoved she saw the trickling tear,
 Which, spite o' me, would fa'.

She acted weel a conqueror's part,
 She triumphed in my woe,
 She gracefu' waved me to depart,
 I tried, but could na' go.

"Ah why," (distractedly I cried),
 "Why yield me to despair?
 Bid ling'ring Hope resume her sway,
 To ease my heart sae sair."

She scornfu' smiled, and bade me go!
 This roused my dormant pride;
 I craved nae boon—I took nae luke,
 "Adieu!" I proudly cried.

I fled! nor Ellen hae I seen,
 Sin' that too fatal day:
 My "bosom's laird" sits heavy here,
 And Hope's fled far away.

Care, darkly brooding, bodes a storm,
 I'm Sorrow's child indeed;
 She stamps her image on my form,
 I wear the mourning weed!

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Sweet child, and hast thou gone, for ever fled!
 Low lies thy body in its grassy bed;
 But thy freed soul swift bends its flight through air,
 Thy heavenly Father's gracious love to share.

And now, methinks, I see thee clothed in white,
 Mingling with saints, like thee, celestial bright.—
 Look down, sweet angel, on thy friends below,
 And mark their trickling tears of silent woe.

Look down with pity in thy infant eye,
 And view the friends thou left, for friends on high:
 Methinks I see thee leaning from above,
 To whisper, to those friends, of peace and love.

"Weep not for me, for I am happy still,
 And murmur not at our great Father's will;

Let not this blow your trust in Jesus shake,
Our Saviour gave, and it is his to take.

“Once you looked forward to life’s opening day,
 The scene was bright, and pleasant seemed the way;
 Hope drew the picture, Fancy, ever near,
 Coloured it bright—’t is blotted with a tear.

“Then let that tear be Resignation’s child;
 Yielding to Heaven’s high will, be calm, be mild;
 Weep for your child no more, she’s happy still,
 And murmur not at your great Father’s will.”

REFLECTIONS,

ON CROSSING LAKE CHAMPLAIN IN THE STEAMBOAT PHENIX.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Islet* on the lake’s calm bosom,
 In thy breast rich treasures lie;
 Heroes! there your bones shall moulder,
 But your fame shall never die.

Islet on the lake’s calm bosom,
 Sleep serenely in thy bed;
 Brightest gem our waves can boast,
 Guardian angel of the dead!

Calm upon the waves recline,
 Till great Nature’s reign is o’er;
 Until old and swift-winged time
 Sinks, and order is no more.

* Crab Island; on which were buried the remains of the sailors who fell in the action of September 11th, 1814.

Then thy guardianship shall cease,
 Then shall rock thy aged bed;
 And when Heaven's last trump shall sound,
 Thou shalt yield thy noble dead!

THE STAR OF LIBERTY.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

There shone a gem on England's crown,
 Bright as yon star;
 Oppression marked it with a frown,
 He sent his darkest spirit down,
 To quench the light that round it shone,
 Blazing afar.
 But Independence met the foe,
 And laid the swift-winged demon low.

A second messenger was sent,
 Dark as the night;
 On his dire errand swift he went,
 But Valour's bow was truly bent,
 Justice her keenest arrow lent,
 And sped its flight;
 Then fell the impious wretch, and Death
 Approached, to take his withering breath.

Valour then took, with hasty hand,
 The gem of light;
 He flew to seek some other land,
 He flew to 'scape oppression's hand,
 He knew there was some other strand,
 More bright;
 And as he swept the fields of air,
 He found a country, rich and fair.

Upon its breast the star he placed,
 The star of liberty;
 Bright, and more bright the meteor blazed
 The lesser planets stood amazed,
 Astonished mortals, wondering, gazed,
 Looking on fearfully.
 That star shines brightly to this day,
 On thy calm breast, America!

THE MERMAID.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Maid of the briny wave and raven lock,
Whose bed's the sea-weed, and whose throne's the
 rock,
Tell me, what fate compels thee thus to ride
O'er the tempestuous ocean's foaming tide?
 Art thou some naiad, who, at Neptune's nod,
 Flies to obey the mandate of that god?
 Art thou the syren, who, when night draws on,
 Chauntest thy farewell to the setting sun?
 Or, leaning on thy wave-encircled rock,
 Twining with lily hand thy raven lock;
 Dost thou, in accents wild, proclaim the storm,
 Which soon shall wrap th' unwary sailor's form?
 Or dost thou round the wild Charybdis play,
 To warn the seaman from his dangerous way?
 Or, shrieking midst the tempest, chaunt the dirge
 Of shipwrecked sailors, buried in the surge?
 Tell me, mysterious being, what you are?
 So wild, so strange, so lonely, yet so fair!

Tell me, O tell me, why you sit alone,
Singing so sweetly on the wave-washed stone ?

And tell me, that if e'er I find my grave,
Beneath the ocean's wildly troubled wave,
That thou with weeds wilt strew my watery bed,
And hush the roaring billows o'er my head.

ON SOLITUDE.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Sweet Solitude ! I love thy silent shade,
I love to pause when in life's mad career ;
To view the chequered path before me laid,
And turn to meditate — to hope, to fear.

'T is sweet to draw the curtain on the world,
To shut out all its tumult, all its care ;
Leave the dread vortex, in which all are whirled,
And to thy shades of twilight calm repair.

Yet, Solitude, the hand divine, which made
The earth, the ocean, and the realms of air,
Pointed how far thy kingdom should extend,
And bade thee pause, for he had fixed thee there

Then, when disgusted with the world and man,
When sick of pageantry, of pomp, and pride,
To thee I'll fly, in thee I'll seek relief,
And hope to find that calm the world denied.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SISTER.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Sweet babe, I cannot hope thou wilt be freed
 From woes, to all, since earliest time, decreed;
 But mayest thou be with resignation blessed,
 To bear each evil, howsoe'er distressed.

May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,
 And o'er the tempest rear her angel form!
 May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,
 To the rude whirlwinds softly whisper "cease!"

And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,
 Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile;
 Teach thee to look beyond this world of woe,
 To Heaven's high fount, whence mercies ever flow.

And when this vale of tears is safely passed,
 When Death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,
 May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,
 And fly to seek the bosom of thy God.

A DREAM.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Methought, (unwitting how the place I gained,)
 I rested on a fleecy, floating cloud
 Far o'er the earth, the stars, the sun, the heavens,
 And slowly wheeled around the dread expanse!
 Sudden, methought, a trumpet's voice was heard,
 Pealing with long, loud, death-awakening note,

Such note as mortal man but once may hear !
At that heart-piercing summons, there arose
A crowd fast pouring from the troubled earth !
The *earth*, that blackened speck alone seemed moved
By the dread note, which rushed,
Like pent-up whirlwinds, round Heaven's azure
vault ;
All other worlds, all other twinkling stars
Stood mute—stood motionless ;
Their time had not yet come.
Yet, ever and anon, they seemed to bow
Before the dread tribunal ;
And the fiery comet, as it blazed along,
Stopped in its midway course, as conscious of the
power
Which onward ever, ever had impelled :
No other planet moved, none seemed convulsed,
Save the dim orb of earth !
Forth eddying rushed a crowd, confused and dark,
Like a volcano, muttering and subdued !
There came no sound distinct, but sighs and groans,
And murmurings half suppressed, half uttered !
All eyes were upward turned in wonder and in fear,
But soon, methought, they onward rolled
To the dread High One's bar,
As the tumultuous billows rush murmuring to the
shore,
And all distinctions dwindled into naught.
Upward I cast my eyes ;
High on an azure throne, begirt with clouds,
Sate the dread Indescribable !
He raised his sceptre, waved it o'er the crowd,
And all was calm and silent as the grave !
He rose ; the cherubs flapped their snowy wings !
On came the rushing wind—the throne was moved,
And flew like gliding swan above the crowd !

Sudden it stopped o'er the devoted world!
 The Judge moved forward 'mid his sable shroud,
 Raised his strong arm with rolling thunders clothed,
 Held forth a vial filled with wrathful fire,
 Then poured the contents on the waiting globe!
 Sudden the chain, which bound it to God's throne,
 Snapped with a dire explosion!
 On wheeled the desolate—the burning orb
 Swift through the heavens!
 Down, down it plunged — then shot across the ex-
 pance,
 Blazing through realms, where light had never
 pierced!
 Down, down it plunged — fast wheeling from above,
 Shooting forth flames, and sparks, and burning brands,
 Trailing from shade to shade!
 Then bounding, blazing — brighter than before,
 It plunged extinguished in the chaotic gulf!

TO MY SISTER.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)*

When evening spreads her shades around,
 And darkness fills the arch of heaven;
 When not a murmur, not a sound
 To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
 And looks around with golden eye;
 When Nature, softened by her light,
 Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

* See Biographical Sketch.

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
 This world, and all this world can give;
 Oh, sister, sing the song I love,
 And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
 And hovering, trembles, half afraid;
 O sister, sing the song *once* more
 Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'T were almost sacrilege to sing
 Those notes amid the glare of day;
 Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
 And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
 Should'st thou *still* linger here above,
 Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
 And, sister, sing the song I love?

CUPID'S BOWER.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Am I in fairy land? or tell me, pray,
 To what love-lighted bower I've found my way?
 Sure luckless wight was never more beguiled
 In woodland maze, or closely-tangled wild.

And is this Cupid's realm? if so, good bye!
 Cupid, and Cupid's votaries, I fly;
 No offering to his altar do I bring,
 No bleeding heart—or hymeneal ring,

What though he proudly marshals his array
Of conquered hearts, still bleeding in his way;
Of sighs, of kisses sweet, of glances sly,
Playing around some darkly-beauteous eye?

What though the rose of beauty opening wide,
Blooms but for him, and fans his lordly pride?
What though his garden boasts the fairest flower
That ever dew-drop kissed, or pearly shower;

Still, Cupid, I'm no votary to thee;
Thy torch of light will never blaze for me;
I ask no glance of thine, I ask no sigh;
I brave thy fury, and thus boldly fly!

Adieu, then, and for evermore, adieu!
Ye poor entangled ones, farewell to you!
And, O ye powers! a hapless mortal prays
For guidance through this labyrinthine maze.

THE FAMILY TIME-PIECE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Friend of my heart, thou monitor of youth,
Well do I love thee, dearest child of truth;
Though many a lonely hour thy whisperings low
Have made sad chorus to the notes of woe.

Or 'mid the happy hour which joyful flew,
Thou still wert faithful, still unchanged, still true;
Or when the task employed my infant mind,
Oft have I sighed to see thee lag behind;

And watched thy finger, with a youthful glee,
 When it had pointed silently, "be free :"
 Thou wert my mentor through each passing year ;
 'Mid pain or pleasure, thou wert ever near.

And when the wings of time unnoticed flew,
 I paused, reflected, wondered, turned to you ;
 Paused in my heedless round, to mark thy hand,
 Pointing to conscience, like a magic wand ;

To watch thee stealing on thy silent way,
 Silent, but sure, Time's pinions cannot stay ;
 How many hours of pleasure, hours of pain,
 When smiles were bright'ning round affliction's train ?

How many hours of poverty and woe,
 Which taught cold drops of agony to flow ?
 How many hours of war,* of blood, of death,
 Which added laurels to the victor's wreath ?

How many deep-drawn sighs thy hand hath told,
 And dimmed the smile, and dried the tear which
 rolled ?

When the loud cannon spoke the voice of war,
 And death and bloodshed whirled their crimson car ?

When the proud banner, waving in the breeze,
 Had welcomed war, and bade adieu to peace,
 Thy faithful finger traced the wing of time,
 Pointed to earth, and then to heaven sublime.

Unmoved amid the carnage of the world,
 When thousands to eternity were hurled,
 Thy head was reared aloft, truth's chosen child,
 Beaming serenely through the troubled wild.

* Alluding, probably, to the late war scenes at Plattsburgh.—
 EDITOR.

Friend of my youth, ere from its mould'ring clay
 My joyful spirit wings to heaven its way;
 O may'st thou watch beside my aching head,
 And tell how fast time flits with feathered tread.



ON THE
 EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Touch not the heart, for Sorrow's voice
 Will mingle in the chorus wild;
 When Scotland weeps, canst thou rejoice?
 No: rather mourn her murdered child.

Sing how on Carberry's mount of blood,
 'Mid foes exulting in her doom,
 The captive Mary fearless stood,
 A helpless victim for the tomb.

Justice and Mercy, 'frighted, fled,
 And shrouded was Hope's beacon blaze,
 When, like a lamb to slaughter led,
 Poor Mary met her murderers' gaze.

Calm was her eye as yon dark lake,
 And changed her once angelic form;
 No sigh was heard the pause to break,
 That awful pause before the storm.

O draw the veil, 'twere shame to gaze
 Upon the bloody tragedy;
 But lo! a brilliant halo plays
 Around the hill of Carberry.

'T is done—and Mary's soul has flown
 Beyond this scene of blood and death;
 'T is done—the lovely saint has gone
 To claim in heaven a thornless wreath.

But as Elijah, when his car
 Wheeled on towards heaven its path of light,
 Dropped on his friend, he left afar,
 His mantle, like a meteor bright;

So Mary, when her spirit flew
 Far from this world, so sad, so weary,
 A crown of fame immortal threw
 Around the brow of Carberry.

THE DESTRUCTION OF

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

“And he looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.”

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

O dread was the night, when o'er Sodom's wide plain
 The fire of heaven descended;
 For all that then bloomed, shall ne'er bloom there
 again,
 For man hath his Maker offended.

The midnight of terror and woe hath passed by,
 The death-spirit's pinions are furled;
 But the sun, as it beams clear and brilliant on high
 Hides from Sodom's dark, desolate world.

Here lies but that glassy, that death-stricken lake,
As in mockery of what had been there ;
The wild bird flies far from the dark nestling brake,
Which waves its scorched arms in the air.

In that city the wine-cup was brilliantly flowing,
Joy held her high festival there ;
Not a fond bosom dreaming, (in luxury glowing,)
Of the close of that night of despair.

For the bride, her handmaiden the garland was
wreathing,
At the altar the bridegroom was waiting,
But vengeance impatiently round them was breathing,
And Death at that shrine was their greeting.

But the wine-cup is empty, and broken it lies,
The lip which it foamed for, is cold ;
For the red wing of Death o'er Gomorrah now flies,
And Sodom is wrapped in its fold.

The bride is wedded, but the bridegroom is Death,
With his cold, damp, and grave-like hand ;
Her pillow is ashes, the slime-weed her wreath,
Heaven's flames are her nuptial band.

And near to that cold, that desolate sea,
Whose fruits are to ashes now turned,
Not a fresh-blown flower, not a budding tree,
Now blooms where those cities were burned.

O mount of Gilboa, no dew shalt thou see,
 Save the blood of the Philistine fall upon thee;
 For the strong-pinioned eagle of Israel is dead,
 Thy brow is his pillow, thy bosom his bed!
 O how are the mighty fallen!

Weep, daughters of Israel, weep o'er his grave!
 What breast will now pity, what arm will now save?
 O my brother! my brother! this heart bleeds for thee,
 For thou wert a friend and a brother to me!
 Ah, how are the mighty fallen!

THE SICK-BED.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

O have you watched beside the bed,
 Where rests the weary, aching head?
 And have you heard the long, deep groan,
 The low-said prayer, in half-breathed tone?

O have you seen the fevered sleep,
 Which speaks of agony within?
 The eye which would, but cannot weep,
 And wipe away the stains of sin?

O have you marked the struggling breath,
 Which would but cannot leave its clay?
 And have you marked the hand of death
 Unbind, and bid it haste away?

Then thou hast seen what thou shalt feel;
 Then thou hast read thy future doom;
 O pause, one moment, o'er death's seal,
 There's no repentance in the tomb.

DEATH.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

The destroyer cometh; his footstep is light,
He marketh the threshold of sorrow at night;
He steals like a thief o'er the fond one's repose,
And chills the warm tide from the heart as it flows.

His throne is the tomb, and a pestilent breath
Walks forth on the night-wind, the herald of death!
His couch is the bier, and the dark weeds of woe
Are the curtains which shroud joy's deadliest foe.

TO MY MOTHER.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

O thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove;

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me?
Who would have smiled responsive? — who in grief,
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
 Each trembling footstep or each sport of fear?
 Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
 And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
 And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
 Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
 In all the agony of love and woe?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
 Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch;
 Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
 Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
 By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom—
 Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
 That woe hath traced thy brow with marks of
 gloom.

O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
 Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
 To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
 Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.



SABRINA.

A VOLCANIC ISLAND, WHICH APPEARED AND DIS-
 APPEARED AMONG THE AZORES, IN 1811.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Isle of the ocean, say, whence comest thou?
 The smoke thy dark throne, and the blaze round thy
 brow;

The voice of the earthquake proclaims thee abroad,
And the deep, at thy coming, rolls darkly and loud.

From the breast of the ocean, the bed of the wave,
Thou hast burst into being, hast sprung from the grave;
A stranger, wild, gloomy, yet terribly bright,
Thou art clothed with the darkness, yet crowned
with the light.

Thou comest in flames, thou hast risen in fire ;
The wave is thy pillow, the tempest thy choir ;
They will lull thee to sleep on the ocean's broad breast,
A slumb'ring volcano, an earthquake at rest.

Thou hast looked on the isle — thou hast looked on
the wave—

Then hie thee again to thy deep, watery grave ;
Go, quench thee in ocean, thou dark, nameless thing,
Thou spark from the *fallen one's* wide flaming wing.

THE PROPHECY.

TO A LADY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Let me gaze awhile on that marble brow,
On that full, dark eye, on that cheek's warm glow ;
Let me gaze for a moment, that, ere I die,
I may read thee, maiden, a prophecy.
That brow may beam in glory awhile ;
That cheek may bloom, and that lip may smile ;
That full, dark eye may brightly beam
In life's gay morn, in hope's young dream ;

But clouds shall darken that brow of snow,
And sorrow blight thy bosom's glow.
I know by that spirit so haughty and high,
I know by that brightly-flashing eye,
That, maiden, there's that within thy breast,
Which hath marked thee out for a soul unblest :
The strife of love, with pride shall wring
Thy youthful bosom's tenderest string ;
And the cup of sorrow, mingled for thee,
Shall be drained to the dregs in agony.
Yes, maiden, yes, I read in thine eye,
A dark, and a doubtful prophecy.
Thou shalt love, and that love shall be thy curse ;
Thou wilt need no heavier, thou shalt feel no worse
I see the cloud and the tempest near ;
The voice of the troubled tide I hear ;
The torrent of sorrow, the sea of grief,
The rushing waves of a wretched life ;
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
And, maiden, thy loved one is there with thee.
Not a star in the heavens, not a light on the wave !
Maiden, I've gazed on thine early grave.
When I am cold, and the hand of Death
Hath crowned my brow with an icy wreath ;
When the dew hangs damp on this motionless lip ;
When this eye is closed in its long, last sleep,
Then, maiden, pause, when thy heart beats high,
And think on my last sad prophecy.

PROPHECY II.

TO ANOTHER LADY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

I have told a maiden of hours of grief,
Of a bleeding heart, of a joyless life;
I have read her a tale of future woe;
I have marked her a pathway of sorrow below;
I have read on the page of her blooming cheek,
A darker doom than my tongue dare speak.
Now, maiden, for thee, I will turn mine eye
To a brighter path through futurity.
The clouds shall pass from thy brow away,
And bright be the closing of life's long day;
The storms shall murmur in silence to sleep,
And angels around thee their watches shall keep;
Thou shalt live in the sunbeams of love and delight,
And thy life shall flow on till it fades into night;
And the twilight of age shall come quietly on;
Thou wilt feel, yet regret not, that daylight hath flown;
For the shadows of evening shall melt o'er thy soul,
And the soft dreams of Heaven around thee shall roll,
Till sinking in sweet, dreamless slumber to rest,
In the arms of thy loved one, still blessing and blest,
Thy soul shall glide on to its harbour in Heaven.
Every tear wiped away — every error forgiven.

PROPHECY III.

TO ANOTHER LADY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Wilt thou rashly unveil the dark volume of fate ?
It is open before thee, repentance is late ;
Too late, for behold, o'er the dark page of woe,
Move the days of thy grief, yet unnumbered below.
There is one, whose sad destiny mingles with thine ;
He was formed to be happy — he dared to repine ;
And jealousy mixed in his bright cup of bliss,
And the page of his fate grew still darker than this :
He gazed on thee, maiden, he met thee, and passed ;
But better for thee had the Siroc's fell blast
Swept by thee, and wasted and faded thee there,
So youthful, so happy, so thoughtless, so fair.
And mark ye his broad brow ? 't is noble ; 't is high ;
And mark ye the flash of his dark, eagle-eye ?
When the wide wheels of time have encircled the
world ;
When the banners of night in the sky are unfurled ;
Then, maiden, remember the tale I have told,
For farther I may not, I dare not unfold.
The rose on yon dark page is sear and decayed,
And thus, e'en in youth, shall thy fondest hopes fade ;
'T is an emblem of thee, broken, withered, and pale—
Nay, start not, and blanch not, though dark be the tale ;
An hour-glass half-spent, and a tear-bedewed token,
A heart, withered, wasted, and bleeding and broken,
All these are the emblems of sorrow to be ;
I will veil the page, maiden, in pity to thee.

BYRON.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

His faults were great, his virtues less,
 His mind a burning lamp of Heaven;
 His talents were bestowed to bless,
 But were as vainly lost as given.

His was a harp of heavenly sound,
 The numbers wild, and bold, and clear;
 But ah! some demon, hovering round,
 Tuned its sweet chords to Sin and Fear.

His was a mind of giant mould,
 Which grasped at all beneath the skies;
 And his, a heart, so icy cold,
 That virtue in its recess dies.



FEATS OF DEATH.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

I have passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,
 I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad
 light;
 I have paused o'er the bower where the Infant lay
 sleeping,
 And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night
 Which withers and moulders the flower in its light,

Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,
And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low ;
I culled the fair bud, as it danced in its mirth,
And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I paused o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high ;
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,
I stop not to pity — I stay not to save.

I paused in my pathway, for beauty was there ;
It was beauty too death-like, too cold, and too fair !
The deep purple fountain seemed melting away,
And the faint pulse of life scarce remembered to play ;
She had thought on the tomb, she was waiting for me.
I gazed, I passed on, and her spirit was free.

The clear stream rolled gladly, and bounded along,
With ripple, and murmur, and sparkle, and song ;
The minstrel was tuning his wild harp to love,
And sweet, and half-sad were the numbers he wove.
I passed, and the harp of the bard was unstrung ;
O'er the stream which rolled deeply, 't was recklessly
hung ;
The minstrel was not ! and I passed on alone,
O'er the newly-raised turf, and the rudely-carved
stone.

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
 And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers ;
 My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
 I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter ;
 It seemed that a law had been recently made
 That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid :
 And in order to make them all willing to marry,
 The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
 The bachelors grumbled, and said 't was no use ;
 'T was horrid injustice, and horrid abuse,
 And declared that to save their own hearts'-blood
 from spilling,
 Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
 But the rulers determined *them* still to pursue,
 So they set the old bachelors up at vendue.
 A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
 To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,
 And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
 "Ho ! forty old bachelors sold here to-day !"
 And presently all the old maids in the town,
 Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
 From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
 Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
 The auctioneer then in his labour began,
 And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
 "How much for a bachelor ? who wants to buy ?"
 In a twink,* every maiden responded, "I,—I ;"

* "That in a *twink* she won me to her love."—*Shakspeare*.
 [EDITOR.]

In short, at a highly-extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice ;
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

THE BACHELOR.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

To the world, (whose dread laugh he would tremble
to hear,
From whose scorn he would shrink with a cowardly
fear,)
The old bachelor proudly and boldly will say,
Single lives are the longest, single lives are most gay.

To the ladies, with pride, he will always declare,
That the links in love's chain are strife, trouble, and
care ;
That a wife is a torment, and he will have none,
But at pleasure will roam through the wide world
alone.

And let him pass on, in his sulky of state ;
O say, who would envy that mortal his fate ?
To brave all the ills of life's tempest alone,
Not a heart to respond the warm notes of his own.

His joys undivided no longer will please ;
The warm tide of his heart through inaction will
freeze :
His sorrows concealed, and unanswered his sighs,
The old bachelor curses his folly, and dies.

Pass on, then, proud lone one, pass on to thy fate ;
 Thy sentence is sealed, thy repentance too late ;
 Like an arrow, which leaves not a trace on the wind,
 No mark of thy pathway shall linger behind.

Not a sweet voice shall murmur its sighs o'er thy tomb ;
 Not a fair hand shall teach thy lone pillow to bloom ;
 Not a kind tear shall water thy dark, lonely bed ;
 By the living 't was scorned, 't is refused to the dead.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

TO MISS E. C. — COMPOSED ON A BLANK LEAF OF
 HER PALEY, DURING RECITATION.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

I'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid, and I rest
 in mine own chosen temple, thy innocent breast ;
 At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat,
 When the chords of thy heart in soft unison beat.

When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses
 flow
 In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow ;
 O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art,
 And listen to music which steals from thy heart.

Thy smile is the sunshine which gladdens my soul,
 My tempest the clouds, which around thee may roll ;
 I feast my light form on thy rapture-breathed sighs,
 And drink at the fount of those beautiful eyes.

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me ;
 There are some which, half-breathed, half-acknow-
 ledged by thee,

Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,
Just ruffling its calmness, then murm'ring to rest.

Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly lies,
With its own mimic mountains, and star-spangled
skies,

I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of delight,
Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night ;
Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie,
Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy,
My spirit shall watch thee, wherever thou art,
My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart.
Farewell ! for the shadows of evening are fled,
And the young rays of morning are wreathed round
my head.

ON THE CREW OF A VESSEL,

WHO WERE FOUND DEAD AT SEA.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

The breeze blew fair, the waving sea
Curled sparkling round the vessel's side
The canvass spread with bosom free
Its swan-like pinions o'er the tide.

Evening had gemmed with glittering stars,
Her coronet so darkly grand ;
The Queen of Night, with fleecy clouds,
Had formed her turban's snowy band.

On, on the stately vessel flew,
With streamer waving far and wide ;
When lo ! a bark appeared in view,
And gaily danced upon the tide.

Each way the breeze its wild wing veered.
That way the stranger vessel turned ;
Now near she drew, now wafted far,
She fluttered, trembled, and returned.

“ It is the pirate’s cursed bark !
The villains linger to decoy !
Thus bounding o’er the waters dark,
They seek to lure, and then destroy.

“ Perchance, those strange and wayward signs
May be the signals of distress,”
The Captain cried, “ for mark ye, now,
Her sails are flapping wide and loose.”

And now the stranger vessel came
Near to that gay and gallant bark ;
It seemed a wanderer fair and lone,
Upon Life’s wave, so deep and dark.

And not a murmur, not a sound,
Came from that lone and dreary ship ;
The icy chains of silence bound
Each rayless eye and pallid lip.

For Death’s wing had been waving there,
The cold dew hung on every brow,
And sparkled there, like angel tears,
Shed o’er the silent crew below.

Onward that ship was gaily flying,
 Its bosom the sailor's grave;
 The breeze, 'mid the shrouds, in low notes, sighing
 Their requiem over the brave.

Fly on, fly on, thou lone vessel of death,
 Fly on, with thy desolate crew;
 For mermaids are twining a sea-weed wreath,
 'Mong the red coral groves for you.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

They told me of her history—her love
 Was a neglected flame, which had consumed
 The vase wherein it kindled. O how fraught
 With bitterness is unrequited love!
 To know that we have cast life's hope away
 On a vain shadow!
 Hers was a gentle passion, quiet, deep,
 As a woman's love should be,
 All tenderness and silence, only known
 By the soft meaning of a downcast eye,
 Which almost fears to look its timid thoughts;
 A sigh, scarce heard; a blush, scarce visible,
 Alone may give it utterance.—Love is
 A beautiful feeling in a woman's heart,
 When felt, as only woman love *can* feel!
 Pure, as the snow-fall, when its latest shower
 Sinks on spring-flowers; deep, as a cave-locked
 fountain;
 And changeless as the cypress's green leaves;
 And like them, sad! She nourished

Fond hopes and sweet anxieties, and fed
 A passion unconfessed, till he she loved
 Was wedded to another.—Then she grew
 Moody and melancholy; one alone
 Had power to soothe her in her wanderings,
 Her gentle sister;—But that sister died,
 And the unhappy girl was left alone,
 A *maniac*.—She would wander far, and shunned
 Her own accustomed dwelling; and her haunt
 Was that dead sister's grave: and that to her
 Was as a home.

TO A LADY.

WHOSE SINGING RESEMBLED THAT OF AN ABSENT
 SISTER.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Oh! touch the chord yet once again,
 Nor chide me, though I weep the while;
 Believe me, that deep seraph strain
 Bore with it memory's moonlight smile.

It murmured of an absent friend;
 The voice, the air, 't was all her own;
 And hers those wild, sweet notes, which blend
 In one mild, murmuring, touching tone.

And days and months have darkly passed,
 Since last I listened to her lay;
 And Sorrow's cloud its shade hath cast,
 Since then, across my weary way.

Yet still the strain comes sweet and clear,
 Like seraph-whispers, lightly breathing;
 Hush, busy memory, Sorrow's tear
 Will blight the garland thou art wreathing.

'Tis sweet, though sad—yes, I will stay,
 I cannot tear myself away.
 I thank thee, lady, for the strain,
 The tempest of my soul is still;
 Then touch the chord yet once again,
 For thou canst calm the storm at will!



TO MY FRIEND AND PATRON,

M—— K——, ESQ.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

And can my simple harp be strung
 To higher theme, to nobler end,
 Than that of gratitude to thee,
 To thee, my father and my friend?

I may not, cannot, will not say
 All that a grateful heart would breathe;
 But I may frame a simple lay,
 Nor Slander blight the blushing wreath

Yes, I will touch the string to thee,
 Nor fear its wildness will offend;
 For well I know that thou wilt be,
 What thou hast ever been—a friend.

There are, whose cold and idle gaze
 Would freeze the current where it flows ;
 But Gratitude shall guard the fount,
 And Faith shall light it as it flows.

Then tell me, may I dare to twine,
 While o'er my simple harp I bend,
 This little offering for thee,
 For thee, my father, and my friend ?

ON SEEING

A PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN MARY,

PAINTED SEVERAL CENTURIES SINCE.

A FRAGMENT.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Roll back, thou tide of time, and tell
 Of book, of rosary, and bell ;
 Of cloistered nun, with brow of gloom,
 Immured within her living tomb ;
 Of monks, of saints, and vesper-song,
 Borne gently by the breeze along ;
 Of deep-toned organ's pealing swell ;
 Of Ave Marie, and funeral knell ;
 Of midnight taper, dim and small,
 Just glimmering through the high-arched hall ;
 Of gloomy cell, of penance lone,
 Which can for darkest deeds atone
 Roll back, and lift the veil of night.
 For I would view the anchorite.

Yes, there he sits, so sad, so pale,
Shuddering at Superstition's tale :
Crossing his breast with meagre hand,
While saints and priests, a motley band,
Arrayed before him, urge their claim
To heal in the Redeemer's name ;
To mount the saintly ladder, (made
By every monk, of every grade,
From portly abbot, fat and fair,
To yon lean starveling, shivering there,)
And mounting thus, to usher in
The soul, thus ransomed from its sin.
And tell me, hapless bigot, why,
For what, for whom did Jesus die,
If pyramids of saints must rise
To form a passage to the skies ?
And think you man can wipe away
With fast and penance, day by day,
One single sin, too dark to fade
Before a bleeding Saviour's shade ?
O ye of little faith, beware !
For neither shrift, nor saint, nor prayer,
Would aught avail ye without Him,
Beside whom saints themselves grow dim.
Roll back, thou tide of time, and raise
The faded forms of other days !
Yon time-worn picture, darkly grand,
The work of some forgotten hand,
Will teach thee half thy mazy way,
While Fancy's watch-fires dimly play.
Roll back, thou tide of time, and tell
Of secret charm, of holy spell,
Of Superstition's midnight rite,
Of wild Devotion's seraph flight,
Of Melancholy's tearful eye,
Of the sad votaress' frequent sigh,

That trembling from her bosom rose,
 Divided 'twixt her Saviour's woes
 And some warm image lingering there,
 Which, half-repulsed by midnight prayer,
 Still, like an outcast child, will creep
 Where sweetly it was wont to sleep,
 And mingle its unhallowed sigh
 With cloister-prayer and rosary;
 Then tell the pale, deluded one
 Her vows are breathed to God alone;
 Those vows, which tremulously rise,
 Love's last, love's sweetest sacrifice.——
 [*Unfinished.*]

AMERICAN POETRY.

A FRAGMENT.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Must every shore ring boldly to the voice
 Of sweet poetic harmony, save this?
 Rouse thee, America! for shame! for shame!
 Gather thy infant bands, and rise to join
 Thy glimmering taper to the holy flame:—
 Such honour, if no other, may be thine.
 Shall Gallia's children sing beneath the yoke?
 Shall Ireland's harpstrings thrill, though all unstrung?
 And must America, her bondage broke,
 Oppression's blood-stains from her garment wrung,
 Must she be silent?—who may then rejoice?
 If she be tuneless, Harmony, farewell!
 Oh! shame, America! wild freedom's voice
 Echoes, "shame on thee," from her wild-wood dell.
 Shall conquered Greece still sing her glories past?
 Shall humbled Italy in ruins smile?
 And canst thou then —— [*Unfinished.*]

HEADACHE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Headache ! thou bane to Pleasure's fairy spell,
 Thou fiend, thou foe to joy, I know thee well !
 Beneath thy lash I've writhed for many an hour,—
 I hate thee, for I've known, and dread thy power.

Even the heathen gods were made to feel
 The aching torments which thy hand can deal ;
 And Jove, the ideal king of heaven and earth,
 Owned thy dread power, which called stern Wisdom
 forth.

Would'st thou thus ever bless each aching head,
 And bid Minerva make the brain her bed,
 Blessings might then be taught to rise from woe,
 And Wisdom spring from every throbbing brow.

But always the reverse to me, unkind,
 Folly for ever dogs thee close behind ;
 And from this burning brow, her cap and bell,
 For ever jingle Wisdom's funeral knell.

 TO A STAR.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Thou brightly-glittering star of even,
 Thou gem upon the brow of Heaven
 Oh ! were this fluttering spirit free,
 How quick 't would spread its wings to thee.

How calmly, brightly dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine!
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as Heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by Heaven's refulgent lights;
There seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,
Thou gem upon an azure Heaven,
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!

SONG OF VICTORY,
FOR THE DEATH OF GOLIATH.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Strike with joy the wild harp's string,
God, O Israel, is your King!
We have slain our deadliest foe,
David's arm hath laid him low.

Saul hath oft his thousands slain,
His trophies have bedecked the plain;
But David's tens of thousands lie
In slaughtered millions, mounted high.

Sound the trumpet — strike the string,
Loud let the song of victory ring;
Wreathe with glory David's brow,
He hath laid Goliath low.

Mark him on yon crimson plain,
He is conquered — he is slain;
He who lately rose so high,
Scoffed at man, and braved the sky.

Strike with joy the wild harp's string,
God, O Israel, is your king!
We have slain our deadliest foe,
David's arm hath laid him low.

THE INDIAN CHIEF AND CONCONAY.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

The Indian Chieftain is far away,
Through the forest his footsteps fly,
But his heart is behind him with Conconay,
He thinks of his love in the bloody fray,
When the storm of war is high.

But little he thinks of the bloody foe,
Who is bearing that love away;
And little he thinks of her bosom's woe,
And little he thinks of the burning brow
Of his lovely Conconay.

They tore her away from her friends, from her home,
They tore her away from her Chief.
Through the wild-wood, when weary, they forced
her to roam,

Or to dash the light oar in the river's white foam,
While her bosom o'erflowed with grief.

But there came a foot, 't was swift, 't was light,
'T was the brother of him she loved ;
His heart was kind, and his eye was bright ;
He paused not by day, and he slept not by night,
While through the wild forest he roved.

'T was Lightfoot, the generous, 't was Lightfoot the
young,
And he loved the sweet Conconay ;
But his bosom to honour and virtue was strung,
And the chords of his heart should to breaking be
wrung,
Ere love should gain o'er him the sway.

Far, far from her stern foes he bore her away,
And sought his own forest once more ;
But sad was the heart of the young Conconay,
Her bosom recoiled when she strove to be gay,
And was even more drear than before.

'T is evening, and weary, and faint, and weak
Is the beautiful Conconay ;
She could wander no farther, she strove to speak,
But lifeless she sunk upon Lightfoot's neck,
And seemed breathing her soul away.

The young warrior raised his eyes to Heaven,
He turned them towards the west ;
For one moment a ray of light was given,
Like lightning, which through the cloud hath riven
But to strike at the fated breast.

For there was his brother returning from far,
O'er his shoulder his scalps were slung;
For he had been victor amid the war,
His plume had gleamed like the polar star,
And on him had the victory hung.

The Chieftain paused in his swift career,
For he knew his Conconay;
He saw the maid his heart held dear,
On his brother's breast, in the forest drear,
From her home so far away.

He bent his bow, the arrow flew,
It was aimed at Lightfoot's breast;
And it pierced a heart, as warm and true
As ever a mortal bosom knew,
Or in mortal garb was dressed.

He turned to his love — from her brilliant eye
' The cloud was passing away;
She let fall a tear — she breathed a sigh —
She turned towards Lightfoot — she uttered a cry,
For weltering in gore he lay.

Her heart was filled with horror and woe,
When she gazed on the form of her Chief;
'T was his loved hand that had bent the bow,
'T was he who had laid her preserver low;
And she yielded her soul to grief.

And 't was said, that ere time had healed the wound
In the breast of the mourning maid,
That a pillar was reared on the fatal ground,
And ivy the snow-white monument crowned
With its dark and jealous shade.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT

FOR HER INFANT.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Cold is his brow, and the dew of the evening
Hangs damp o'er that form I so fondly caressed ;
Dim is that eye, which once sparkled with gladness,
Hushed are the griefs of my infant to rest.

Calmly he lies on a bosom far colder
Than that which once pillowed his health-blushing
cheek ;
Calmly he'll rest there, and silently moulder,
No grief to disturb him, no sigh to awake.

Dread king of the grave, Oh ! return me my child !
Unfetter his heart from the cold chains of death !
Monarch of terrors, so gloomy, so silent,
Loose the adamant clasp of thy cold icy wreath !

Where is my infant ? the storms may descend,
The snows of the winter may cover his head ;
The wing of the wind o'er his low couch may bend,
And the frosts of the night sparkle bright o'er
the dead.

Where is my infant ? the damp ground is cold,
Too cold for those features so laughing and light ;
Methinks, these fond arms should encircle his form,
And shield off the tempest which wanders at night.

This fond bosom loved him, ah! loved him too dearly,
 And the frail idol fell, while I bent to adore;
 All its beauty has faded, and broken before me
 Is the god my heart ventured to worship before.

'Tis just, and I bow 'neath the mandate of Heaven,
 Thy will, oh, my Father! for ever be done!
 Bless God, O my soul, for the chastisement given,
 Henceforth will I worship my Saviour alone!

ON THE MOTTO OF A SEAL.

“IF I LOSE THEE, I AM LOST.”

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Wafted o'er a treacherous sea
 Far from home, and far from thee;
 Between the Heaven and ocean tossed,
 “If I lose thee, I am lost.”

When the polar star is beaming
 O'er the dark-browed billows gleaming,
 I think of thee and dangers crossed,
 For, “If I lose thee, I am lost.”

When the lighthouse fire is blazing,
 High towards Heaven its red crest raising,
 I think of thee, while onward tossed,
 For, “If I lose thee, I am lost.”

MORNING.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

I come in the breath of the wakened breeze,
I kiss the flowers, and I bend the trees ;
And I shake the dew, which hath fallen by night,
From its throne, on the lily's pure bosom of white.
Awake thee, when bright from my couch in the sky,
I beam o'er the mountains, and come from on high ;
When my gay purple banners are waving afar ;
When my herald, gray dawn, hath extinguished each
star ;
When I smile on the woodlands, and bend o'er the lake,
Then awake thee, O maiden, I bid thee awake !
Thou mayst slumber when all the wide arches of
Heaven
Glitter bright with the beautiful fire of even ;
When the moon walks in glory, and looks from on high,
O'er the clouds floating far through the clear azure sky,
Drifting on like the beautiful vessels of Heaven,
To their far-away harbour, all silently driven,
Bearing on, in their bosoms, the children of light,
Who have fled from this dark world of sorrow and
night ;
When the lake lies in calmness and darkness, save
where
The bright ripple curls, 'neath the smile of a star ;
When all is in silence and solitude here,
Then sleep, maiden, sleep ! without sorrow or fear !
But when I steal silently over the lake,
Awake thee then, maiden, awake ! oh, awake !

SHAKSPEARE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Shakspeare! "with all thy faults, (and few have more,)
 I love thee still," and still will con thee o'er.
 Heaven, in compassion to man's erring heart,
 Gave thee of virtue — then, of vice a part,
 Lest we, in wonder here, should bow before thee,
 Break God's commandment, worship, and adore thee:
 But admiration now, and sorrow join;
 His works we reverence, while we pity thine.

TO A FRIEND,

WHOM I HAD NOT SEEN SINCE MY CHILDHOOD.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

And thou hast marked, in childhood's hour,
 The fearless boundings of my breast,
 When, fresh as Summer's opening flower,
 I freely frolicked, and was blessed.

Oh! say, was not this eye more bright?
 Were not these lips more wont to smile?
 Methinks that then my heart was light,
 And I a fearless, joyous child.

And thou didst mark me gay and wild,
 My careless, reckless laugh of mirth;
 The simple pleasures of a child,
 The holiday of man on earth.

Then thou hast seen me in that hour,
 When every nerve of life was new,
 When pleasures fanned youth's infant flower,
 And Hope her witcheries round it threw.

That hour is fading, it has fled,
 And I am left in darkness now;
 A wand'rer towards a lowly bed,
 The grave, that home of all below.

THE FEAR OF MADNESS.

WRITTEN WHILE CONFINED TO HER BED, DURING HER
 LAST ILLNESS.

There is a something which I dread,
 It is a dark, a fearful thing;
 It steals along with withering tread,
 Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
 Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;
 'Tis not the dread of death—'t is more,
 It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,
 Forgetful of their feverish course;
 May this hot brain, which burning, glows
 With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
 A tenant of its lowly bed,
 But let not dark delirium steal—

* * * * *

[Unfinished.]

(This was the last piece she ever wrote.)

MARITORNE,
OR THE
PIRATE OF MEXICO.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

ON Barritaria's brow the watch-fires glow,
Their beacons beaming on the gulf below,
As if to dare some death-devoted hand
To quench in blood the boldly blazing brand;
Some Orlean herald arm'd with threat'ning high
To daunt the Pirate-chieftain's haughty eye,
To bid him bend to tame and vulgar law,
And bow to painted things with trembling awe.
Such herald well may come,—but woe betide
The self-devoted messenger of pride!
Such herald well may come, but far and near
The name of Maritorne is joined with fear;
His vessels proudly ride the Gulf at will,
Whilst he is Chief of Barritaria's Isle.
The iron hand of power is raised in vain,
Whilst Maritorne is master of the main.
'T is his to sacrifice — 't is his to spare —
He moves in silence, and is everywhere.
His victims must with pompous boldness bleed,
But if he pities, who may tell the deed?
'T is done in secret, that no eye may mark
One thought more gentle, or one act less dark.
And he, the governor of yon fair land,
Whose tongue speaks freedom, but whose guilty hand

Grasps the half-loosened manacles again,
And adds unseen fresh links to slavery's chain,
Hated full deeply, dreaded and abhorr'd,
The Pirate-chief, the haughty island lord.
And cause enough, deep hidden in his breast,
Had *he*, the moody leader of the west,
To hate that fearful man, who stood alone
Feared, dreaded, and detested, tho' unknown ;
That cause was smother'd or burst forth to light,
Wreath'd in the incense of a patriot's right,
To drive the bold intruder from the shore,
Where war and bloodshed must appear no more ;
But deep within his heart the crater glow'd
From whence this gilded stream of lava flow'd ;
'T was wounded pride, which, writhing inly, bled,
And called for vengeance on the offender's head ;
For Maritorne, with bold unbending brow,
Had scorn'd his power—that were enough ;—but lo !
There, on the very threshold of his home,
There had the traitor Pirate dar'd to come,
And thence had borne his own, his only child,
Mate all unfit for Maritorne the wild ;
And when the maiden curs'd him in her breast
Those curses came not o'er him—he was blest—
For but to gaze upon her, and to feel
That she whom he ador'd was near him still,
Was bliss ! was Heav'n itself ! and he whose eye
Bent not to aught of dull mortality
Shrunk with a tremulous delight whene'er
The voice of Laura rose upon his ear ;
That voice had pow'r to quell the fiend within,
Whose touch had turn'd his very soul to sin.
That fiend was vengeance ;—e'en his virtues bow'd
Before the altar which to vengeance glow'd.
His virtues ! yes ; for even fiends may boast
A shadow of the glory they have lost,—

But oh! like them, his crimes were dark and deep,
 For vengeance was awake,—can vengeance sleep?
 Yes; sleep, as tigers sleep, with half-shut eye,
 Crouching to spring upon the passer-by,
 With parch'd tongue cleaving to his blacken'd cell,
 Stiff'ning with thirst, and jaws which hunger fell
 Hath sharply whetted, quiv'ring to devour
 The reckless wretch abandon'd to his pow'r.
 Yes: thus may vengeance sleep in breast like his,
 Where thoughts of wild revenge are thoughts of bliss.
 Thus may it sleep, like Ætna's burning breast,
 To burst in thunders when 't is dreaded least;
 For his had been the joyless, thankless part,
 Of one who warm'd a viper at his heart,
 And clasp'd the venom'd reptile to his breast
 Till wounded by the ingrate he caress'd.
 Such had been Maritorne's accursed fate,
 Ere he became the harden'd child of hate.
 At first his breast was torn with anguish wild,
 He curs'd himself, then bitterly revil'd
 The world, as hollow-hearted, false, unkind;
 He curs'd himself, and doubly curs'd mankind;
 And then his heart grew callous, and like steel
 Grasp'd in his hand, had equal power to feel.
 'T was like yon mountain snow-crest, chill tho' bright,
 Cold to the touch, but dazzling to the sight,
 Till when the hour of darkness gathers, then
 The sunbeam fades, the ice grows dim again.
 He had a friend, one on whom fancy's eye
 Had deeply, rashly stamp'd fidelity:
 Traitor had better seem'd—worm—viper—aught—
 The vilest, veriest, wretch e'er named in thought,
 For he was sin's own son, and all that e'er
 Angels above may hate or mortals fear.
 There was a fascination in his eye
 Which those who felt, might seek in vain to fly.

There was blasting glance of mockery there,
 There was a calm, contemptuous, biting sneer
 For ever on his lip, which made men fear,
 And fearing shun him, as a bird will shun
 A gilded bait, though glittering in the sun ;
 But still the mask of friendship he could wear,
 The smile, the warm professions all were there ;
 Let him who trusts to these alone—beware !
 A lurking devil may be crouching there.
 Shame on mankind that they will stoop to use
 Wiles which the imps of darkness would refuse.
 Henceforth let friendship drop her robes of light,
 And following desolation's blasting flight

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There paced the Pirate Chief with giant stride,
 Deep chorus keeping to the Mexic tide ;
 His sable plumes were hov'ring o'er his brow,
 As if to hide the depth of thought below.
 He paus'd—'t was but the dashing of the spray—
 Again!—'t was but the night-watch on his way.
 He only mutter'd, gnashed his teeth and smil'd,
 Fit mirth were that, so ghastly and so wild,
 To grace a Pirate Chieftain's scornful lip,
 'T was like St. Helmo's night-fire o'er the deep.
 The beacon blaze is burning on the shore,
 But burns it not more dimly than before ?
 Perchance the drowsy sentinel is sleeping,
 His weary vigils negligently keeping.
 So thought the Chief, but still his wary eye
 Was fix'd intently between earth and sky,
 As if its quick keen glance would light the flame,
 And blast the sleeper with remorse and shame.
 He starts — suspicion flashes on his brain —
 He grasps his dagger — by St. Mark — again !

His bugle brightly glittered on his breast ;
 His lip the gilded bauble gently press'd —
 One breath, one sigh, and rock and hill and sea,
 Will echo back the warlike minstrelsy.
 The figure which had slowly pass'd between
 Himself and yonder blaze, sank where 't was seen,
 As tho' the earth had gaped with sudden yawn,
 And drank both fire and form in silence down ;
 The beacon was extinguish'd, rock and tree
 And beetling cliff, and wildly foaming sea
 Were hid in darkness, for the deep red light
 Which faintly sketched them on the brow of night
 Was dim, as was the moon's pale tremulous glow,
 For tempest-clouds were rallying round her brow ;

* * * * * *
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'The sound of a footstep is on the shore,
 It dies away in the surge's roar ;
 It is heard again as the angry spray
 Rolls back and foams its shame away ;
 And shrill and clear was the call of alarm,
 'T was like the breaking of spell or charm ;
 It scream'd o'er the dark wave, it rose to the hill,
 And the answering echoes re-echoed it still.
 A rushing sound as of coming waves,
 A glittering band as if burst from their graves,
 Are the answers which wake at the bidding clear
 Of him, the Lord of the Isle of Fear.
 But scarce had the summons in silence died,
 When the foot which had waked the tumult wide,
 Was pressing the sand where it yielding gave
 To the lightest tread as 't was washed by the wave ;
 By the side of the Pirate, with outstretch'd hand,
 The bold intruder look'd round on the band ;

But none saw the face of that being save he ;
In wonder he gazed — in his eye you might see
Surprise, and shame, and a fiend-like gleam,
Which whisper'd of more than fear might dream ;
And is it for this — for a woman like thee ?
He angrily mutter'd and turn'd to the sea —
And is it for this I have sounded the call
Whose notes may never unanswer'd fall ;
Whose lowest tone is the knell of more
Than can crowd at once upon Hell's broad shore ?
And is it for this, I must idly stand
To trace the wave with my sword on the strand ?
Speak!—tell me—or now by the blood on its blade,
I will give to that pale cheek a deadlier shade.
The beacon! the beacon — she turn'd to the spot,
And pointed the chief where the light was not ;
The murmur ran thro' the waiting crowd,
It was loud at first but it grew more loud,
Till the *Beacon*, the *Beacon* — rang on to the sky,
But its light was extinguish'd, no blaze met the eye ;
Thus much for the moment — thy honour is clear,
If it suffers then look for thy recompense here ;
And she threw back her mantle and gave to the light
Which glared from the torches all flamingly bright
A form which e'en Maritorne mark'd not unmoved,
But t' was one which he did not, nor ever had loved
There are spies who are waiting in ambush for thee ;
I mark'd out the cavern — 't was near to the sea ;
They are few, they are bold, they are guided by one
Who has sworn ere the dawn of another day's sun
To lead thee in triumph, unwounded, unarm'd,
To yonder proud city all chain'd and unarm'd ;
'His swears he, by all that is sacred to do,
I heard it, and hasten'd thus breathless to you.
For pardon I sue not, O punish my crime !
Here, here is my bosom, and now is the time! —

The last moment beheld me imploring for breath,
 Now 't is not worth asking—I sue but for death
 The ocean was roaring too loudly to hear
 The words she was speaking, the Chief bent his ear;
 His dark plume was resting half fearfully there,
 Upon the white brow of the beautiful Clare;
 As a being all guilty and trembling would rest
 Self-accused, self-condemn'd in the land of the blest.
 And he, its wild wearer, how heard he the tale?
 His eye flash'd the darker, his lip grew more pale;
 But when it was finish'd and Clara knelt down,
 Where, where was his anger, and where was his
 frown?

On her forehead he printed a passionate kiss—
 Oh Clara forgive me—remember not this,
 But forget not that thou, and thou only, shalt know
 The cause of my madness, my guilt, and my woe.
 If I fall, thou wilt read it in letters of blood
 'Neath the stone, near the rock, where the beacon-
 light glow'd;
 If I live—and he hastily bowed himself—then—
 The Fiend and the pirate were masters again.

* * * * *

A light is on the waters, and the dip
 Of distant oars is heard from steep to steep;
 The hum of voices float upon the air,
 Soft, yet distinct, tho' distant, full and clear.
 Come they to Barritaria's Isle as midnight foes?
 'T is well!—the world but roughly with them goes.
 Come they to Barritaria's Isle to join
 Their traitor arms, proud Maritorne, with thine?

Oh, better had they never left yon shore,
To which they may return again no more.
Fools!—think they he is bleeding in a strife
Where every drop writes guilt upon his life
For gold, for fame, for power, for aught on earth
Which vulgar minds might think were richly worth
A life of bloodshed and dishonour? No!
They read not right, who read yon pirate so;
The plash of troubled waters, and the sound
Of moving vessels grating o'er the ground,
The quick low hum of voices, the faint gush
Of light waves gurgling as with sudden rush
They feebly kiss'd the bark, then sunk away,
As half-repenting them such welcome gay,
Were caught perchance, by some lone fisher's ear,
Who plied his line, or net at midnight here;
Perhaps he started from his drowsy mood,
And toss'd his bait still further down the flood;
But be that as it may, 't was heard no more,
And list'ning silence hover'd o'er the shore.
And yonder fire the battle sign is beaming,
Far o'er the dusky waters redly streaming,
The shadow of the Pirate-ship lies there,
Its banners feebly dancing in the air;
Its broad sails veering idly to and fro,
Now glitt'ring 'neath the full moon's silver glow,
Now black'ning in the shade of night's dull frown,
'T was like its chief, in silence and alone,
Gazing upon the shadow which it cast
O'er ev'ry rippling wave which gently pass'd.
And such had been his joyless, gloomy lot,
Forgetting all mankind, by all forgot,
Save that accursed one whose blasting eye
Was glaring on him,—'t was in vain to fly
While vengeance whisper'd curses in his ear,
And thought, the demon thought receiv'd them there

But it had ever been his lot to throw
 O'er those who pass'd him, shades of gloom and woe ;
 His love for Laura had been deeply curs'd,
 Hatred's black phial o'er his brow had burst ;
 He felt himself detested, and he knew
 That she whom he adored abhorr'd him too.
 But oh the hapless, the ill-fated one,
 She who could love him for himself alone,
 Love him, with all his crimes upon his head,
 Love, when the crowd with detestation fled ;—
 A deep dark shade, a wild, a with'ring blast
 Fell o'er her destiny ; the die was cast—
 She was a wretched one, a sweet flower faded,
 Whose wand'ring tendrils round the night-shade
 braided,
 Clung to its baleful breast—hung drooping there,
 Self-sacrificed, it drank the poisoned air
 And with'ring * * * * *

[Unfinished.]

AMERICA.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

And this was once the realm of nature, where
 Wild as the wind, tho' exquisitely fair,
 She breath'd the mountain breeze, or bow'd to kiss
 The dimpling waters with unbounded bliss.
 Here in this Paradise of earth, where first
 Wild mountain Liberty began to burst,
 Once Nature's temple rose in simple grace,
 The hill her throne, the world her dwelling-place.
 And where are now her lakes so still and lone,
 Her thousand streams with bending shrubs o'ergrown ?

Where her dark cat'racts tumbling from on high,
 With rainbow arch aspiring to the sky?
 Her tow'ring pines with fadeless wreaths entwin'd,
 Her waving alders streaming to the wind?
 Nor these alone,—her own,—her fav'rite child,
 All fire; all feeling; man untaught and wild;
 Where can the lost, lone son of nature stray?
 For art's high car is rolling on its way;
 A wand'rer of the world, he flies to drown
 The thoughts of days gone by and pleasures flown,
 In the deep draught, whose dregs are death and woe
 With slavery's iron chain conceal'd below.
 Once thro' the tangled wood, with noiseless tread
 And throbbing heart, the lurking warrior sped,
 Aim'd his sure weapon, won the prize, and turn'd
 While his high heart with wild ambition burn'd,
 With song and war-whoop to his native tree,
 There on its bark to carve the victory.
 His all of learning did that act comprise,
 But still in *nature's* volume doubly wise.

The wayward stream which once with idle bound,
 Whirl'd on resistless in its foaming round,
 Now curb'd by art flows on, a wat'ry chain
 Linking the snow-capp'd mountains to the main.
 Where once the alder in luxuriance grew,
 Or the tall pine its towering branches threw
 Abroad to Heaven, with dark and haughty brow,
 There mark the realms of plenty smiling now;
 There the full sheaf of Ceres richly glows,
 And Plenty's fountain blesses as it flows;
 And man, a brute when left to wander wild,
 A reckless creature, nature's lawless child,
 What boundless streams of knowledge rolling now,
 From the full hand of art around him flow!
 Improvement strides the surge, while from afar,
 Learning rolls onward in her silver car;

Freedom unfurls her banner o'er his head,
While peace sleeps sweetly on her native bed.

The muse arises from the wildwood glen,
And chants her sweet and hallow'd song again,
As in those halcyon days, which bards have sung,
When hope was blushing, and when life was young
Thus shall she rise, and thus her sons shall rear
Her sacred temple *here*, and only *here*,
While Percival, her lov'd and chosen priest,
For ever blessing, tho' himself unblest,
Shall fan the fire that blazes at her shrine,
And charm the ear with numbers half divine.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A COUSIN.

She gave me a flow'ret, — and oh! it was sweet!
'T was a pea, in full bloom, with its dark crimson
leaf,
And I said in my heart, this shall be thy retreat!
'T is one "sacred to Friendship" — a stranger to
grief.

In my bosom I placed it, — 't is withered and gone!
All its freshness, its beauty, its fragrance had fled!
And in sorrow I sigh'd, — am I *thus* left alone?
Is the gift which I cherish'd quite faded and dead?

It has wither'd! but *she* who presented it blooms,
Still fresh and unfading, in memory *here*!
And through life shall *here* flourish, 'mid danger and
storms,
As sweet as the flower, though more lasting and
fair!

MODESTY.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

There is a sweet, tho' humble flower,
Which grows in nature's wildest bed;
It blossoms in the lonely bower,
But withers 'neath the gazer's tread.

'Tis rear'd alone, far, far away
From the wild noxious weeds of death,
Around its brow the sunbeams play,
The evening dew-drop is its wreath.

'Tis Modesty; 'tis nature's child;
The loveliest, sweetest, meekest flower
That ever blossom'd in the wild,
Or trembled 'neath the evening shower.

'Tis Modesty; so pure, so fair,
That woman's witch'ries lovelier grow,
When that sweet flower is blooming there,
The brightest beauty of her brow.



A VIEW OF DEATH.

When bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God! at thy command.

When weeping friends surround my bed,
 To close my sightless eyes,
 When shattered by the weight of years
 This broken body lies;

When every long-lov'd scene of life
 Stands ready to depart,
 When the last sigh which shakes this frame
 Shall rend this bursting heart;

Oh thou great source of joy supreme,
 Whose arm alone can save,
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds
 The entrance to the grave.

Lay thy supporting gentle hand
 Beneath my sinking head,
 And with a ray of love divine,
 Illume my dying bed.

Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
 I would resign my breath,
 And in thy loved embraces lose
 The bitterness of death.



ROB ROY'S REPLY TO FRANCIS OSBAL- DISTONE.

The heather I trod while breathing on earth,
 Must bloom o'er my grave in the land of my birth;
 My warm heart would shrink like the fern in the
 frost,
 If the tops of my hills to my dim eye were lost.

TO A LADY

RECOVERING FROM SICKNESS.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

There is a charm in the pallid cheek ;
A charm which the tongue can never speak,
When the hand of sickness has wither'd awhile,
The rose which had bloom'd in the rays of a smile.

There is a charm in the heavy eye,
When the tear of sorrow is passing by,
Like a summer shower o'er yon vault of blue,
Or the violet trembling 'neath drops of dew.

It spreads around a shade as light
As daylight blending with the night ;
Or 't is like the tints of an evening sky,
And soft as the breathing of sorrow's sigh.



THE VISION.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

'T was evening — all was calm and silent, save
The low hoarse dashing of the distant wave ;
The whip-poor-will had clos'd his pensive lay,
Which sweetly mourned the sun's declining ray ;
Tired of a world surcharged with pain and woe,
Weary of heartless forms and all below,

Broken each tie, bereft of every friend,
 Whose sympathy might consolation lend,
 And musing on each vain and earthly toy,
 Walk'd the once gay and still brave Oleroy.
 Thus lost in thought, unconsciously he stray'd,
 When a dark forest wild around him laid.
 In vain he tried the beaten path to gain,
 He sought it earnestly, but sought in vain;
 At length o'ercome, he sunk upon the ground,
 Where the dark ivy twined its branches round;
 Sudden there rose upon his wond'ring ear,
 Notes which e'en angels might delighted hear.
 Now low they murmur, now majestic rise,
 As though "some spirit banished from the skies"
 Had there repair'd to tune the mournful lay,
 "And chase the sorrows of his soul away."
 They ceas'd — when lo! a brilliant dazzling light
 Illumed the wood and chas'd the shades of night;
 He raised his head, there stood near Oleroy,
 The beauteous figure of a smiling boy;
 Across his shoulder hung an ivory horn,
 With jewels glittering like the rays of morn;
 In his white hand he held the tuneful lyre,
 And in his eyes there beam'd a heavenly fire;
 Approaching Oleroy, he smiling cried,
 You hate the world and all its charms deride,
 You hate the world and all it doth contain,
 Condemn each joy, and call each pleasure pain;
 Then come, he sweetly cried, come follow me,
 Another world thy sorrowing eyes shall see.

No sooner said than swift the smiling boy
 Led from the bower the wond'ring Oleroy.
 Beneath a tree three sylph-like forms recline,
 Each form was beauteous, and each face benign;

Beside them stood a chariot dazzling bright,
 Yoked with two beauteous swans of purest white ;
 They mount the chariot, and ascend on high,
 They bend the lash, on winged winds they fly,
 Above the spacious globe they stretch their flight,
 That globe seem'd now but as a cloud of night.
 Swift towards the moon the white swans bend their
 way,

And a new world its treasures doth display.
 They halt ; before them rocks and hills are spread,
 And birds, and beasts, which at their footsteps fled.
 Another moon emits a softer ray,
 And other moon-beams on the waters play :
 They wander on, and reach a darksome cave
 Against whose side loud roars the dashing wave :
 These words upon its rugged front appear,
 " What in your world is lost is treasured here."
 They enter ;—round upon the floor are strewn,
 The ivory sceptre, and the glittering crown ;
 Unnumbered hopes there flutter'd on the wing,
 There were the lays discarded lovers sing ;
 There fame her trumpet blew, long, loud, and clear,
 Worlds tremble as the deaf'ning notes they hear ;
 There brooded riches o'er his lifeless heap,
 There were the tears which misery's children weep.
 There were posthumous alms, and misspent time
 Lost in a jingling mass of foolish rhyme.
 There was the conscience of the miser ;—there
 The tears of love,—the pity of the fair ;
 There, pointing, cried the sylph-like smiling boy,
 There's the *content* which fled you, Oleroy !
 Regain it if you can ;—then far away,
 And reach your world before the dawn of day.

ON SEEING AT A CONCERT, THE PUBLIC
PERFORMANCE OF A FEMALE DWARF.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Helpless, unprotected, weary,
Toss'd upon the world's wide sea,
Borne from those I love most dearly,
Say — dost thou not feel for me?

Who that hath shrunk 'neath nature's frown
Would court false fortune's fickle smile?
Oh, who would wander thus alone,
Reckless alike of care or toil?

Who would, for fading pleasure, brave
The sea of troubles, dark and deep?
For lo! the gems which deck the wave
Vanish, and "leave the wretch to weep."

'T was not for fortune's smile, of light,
Which beams but to destroy for ever;
'T was not for pleasure's bubbles bright,
Which dazzle still, deluding ever:

Oft have I falter'd when alone
Before the crowd I sung my lay,
But ah, a father's feeble moan
Rung in my ears, I dared not stay.

Oh, I have borne pride's scornful look,
And burning taunts from slander's tongue;
Yet more of malice I could brook,
E'en though my heart with grief was wrung.

Adieu! a long — a last adieu —
 Once more I launch upon life's sea ;
 But still shall memory turn to you,
 For, stranger, you have felt for me.



ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY AT HER DEVOTIONS.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

She knelt, and her dark blue eye was rais'd,
 A sacred fire in its bright beam blaz'd,
 And it spread o'er her cold pale cheek a light
 So pure, so sacred, so clear and so bright,
 That Parian marble, tho' glittering fair
 'Neath the moon's pale beam, or the sun's broad glare,
 Were far less sweet, tho' more dazlingly bright,
 Than that cold cheek array'd in its halo of light.
 Oh! I love not the dark rosy hue of the sky
 When the bright blush of morn mantles deeply and
 high,
 But my fond soul adores the pure author of light,
 The more when she looks on the broad brow of night;
 On myriads of stars glitt'ring far thro' the sky,
 Like the bright eyes of saints looking down from on
 high
 From their garden of Paradise, blooming in Heaven,
 On the scene sleeping sweet 'neath the calm smile
 of even.

I love not the cheek which speaks slumber unbroken,
 That heart hath ne'er sigh'd o'er hope's fast fading
 token ;

That bosom ne'er throbb'd with half-fearful delight
 When it thought on its home in the regions of light,
 Or trembled and wept as with fancy's dear eye
 It gaz'd on the beautiful gates of the sky,
 And the angels which watch at their portals of light
 All peaceful, all sacred, all pure, and all bright :
 But I love that pale cheek as it bends in devotion,
 Like a star sinking down on the breast of the ocean.

ALONZO AND IMANEL.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

As he spoke, he beheld on the sea-beaten strand
 A form, 't was so airy, so light,
 He could almost have sworn by the faith of his land
 That an angel was wand'ring 'mid rocks and thro'
 sand,
 'Neath the moon-beam so fitfully bright.

He paus'd, as the bitter scream'd loud o'er his head,
 One moment he paus'd on the shore,
 To mark the wild wave as it dash'd from its bed,
 Tossing high the white spray from its foam-spangled
 head,
 With a fitful and deafening roar.

He caught the wild notes of a song, on the wind,
 Ere the tempest-god bore them away,
 And they told of a tortured and desperate mind,
 To despair's dark shadows for ever resign'd,
 Of a heart, once hope-lighted and gay.

The bright moon was hid in the breast of the storm,
And darkness and terror drew round,
Yet still he could mark her light fanciful form,
As she roam'd round the wild rocks, devoid of alarm,
Tho' the fiend of the whirlwind frown'd.

Oh tell me, he cried, what spirit so light,
So beautiful e'en in despair,
Is wand'ring alone 'mid the storm of the night,
When to guide her no star in the heaven is bright,
No gleam save the lightning's red glare!

'Tis young Imanuel, answered his guide with a sigh,
The rich, the belov'd and the gay,
Who is doom'd from her friends and her country to fly,
For she lov'd, and she wedded Alonzo the spy,
Who has left her and fled far away.

Alonzo the spy!—and he darted away
With the speed of a shooting star,
Nor heeded the call of his guide to stay,
But toward the poor lone one he bounded away,
She had fled to the sea-beach afar.

One glance of the forked lightning's glare
Play'd bright round the fair one's face,
And it beam'd on Alonzo, for he was there,
And it beam'd on his bride, on his Imanuel dear,
Clasp'd at length in his joyful embrace.

TO MARGARET'S EYE.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Oh! I have seen the blush of morn,
 And I have seen the evening sky;
 But ah! they faded when I gaz'd
 On the bright heaven of Margaret's eye.

I've seen the Queen of evening ride
 Majestic, 'mid the clouds on high;
 But e'en Diana in her pride
 Was dim, near Margaret's brilliant eye.

I've seen the azure vault of heaven,
 I've seen the star-bespangled sky;
 But oh! I would the whole have given
 For one sweet glance from Margaret's eye.

I've seen the dew upon the rose,
 It trembled 'neath the zephyr's sigh;
 But oh! the tear which nature shed
 Was dim near that in Margaret's eye.



TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHOSE MOTHER WAS INSANE FROM HER BIRTH.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

And thou hast never, never known
 A mother's love, a mother's care!
 Hast wept, and sigh'd, and smil'd alone,
 Unblest by e'en a mother's prayer.

Oh, if sad sorrow's blighting hand
Hath e'er an arrow, it is this;
To feel that phrenzy's burning brand
Hath wip'd away a mother's kiss;

To mark the gulf, the starless wave,
Which rolls between thee and her love,
To feel that better were a grave,
A grave beneath—a home above;

Than thus that she should linger on,
In dreamless, sunless solitude;
Like some bright ruin'd shrine, where one
All loveliness and truth hath stood.

And he, her love, her life, her light,
How burst the storm o'er him!
Oh, darker than Egyptian night,
'T was one wild troubled dream!

To gaze upon that eye, whose beam
Was love, and life, and light,
To mark its wild and wandering gleam
Which dazzles but to blight;

To turn in anguish and despair
—From those wild notes of sadness,
And feel that there was darkness there,
The midnight mist of madness;

To start beneath the thrilling swell
Of notes still sweet, tho' wasted,
To mark the idol lov'd too well,
In all its beauty blasted;

Oh! it were better far to kneel,
In darkly brooding anguish,
Upon the graves of those we love,
Than *thus* to see them languish.

A SONG.

Tune, Mrs. Robinson's Farewell.

(Written in her thirteenth year.)

Tell me not of joys departed,
Or of childhood's happy hour!
When unconsciously I sported,
Fresh as morning's dewy flower!

Tell me not of fair hopes blasted,
Or of unrequited love!
Tell me not of fortune wasted,
Or the web which Fate hath wove!

One fond wish I long have cherish'd,
I have twined it round my heart!
While all other hopes have perish'd,
I with *that* could never part.

On life's troubled, stormy ocean
That bright star still shone serene!
To *that* star, my heart's devotion
Rose, at morning, and at e'en!

And the hope that led me onward,
Like a beacon shining bright,
Was — that when this form had moulder'd
I might wake to realms of light!

Wake to bliss — that changes never!
Wake no more to hope or fear!
Wake to joys that bloom for ever!
Wither'd by no sigh, no tear!

A SONG.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Life is but a troubled ocean,
Hope a meteor, love a flower
Which blossoms in the morning beam,
And withers with the evening hour.

Ambition is a dizzy height,
And glory, but a lightning gleam;
Fame is a bubble, dazzling bright,
Which fairest shines in fortune's beam.

When clouds and darkness veil the skies,
And sorrow's blast blows loud and chill,
Friendship shall like a rainbow rise,
And softly whisper — peace, be still.



TWILIGHT.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

How sweet the hour when daylight blends
With the pensive shadows on evening's breast;
And dear to the heart is the pleasure it lends,
'T is like the departure of saints to their rest.

Oh, 't is sweet, Saranac, on thy loved banks to stray,
To watch the last day-beam dance light on thy
wave,

To mark the white skiff as it skims o'er the bay,
Or heedlessly bounds o'er the warrior's grave.

Oh, 't is sweet to a heart unentangled and light,
When with hope's brilliant prospects the fancy is
blest,

To pause 'mid its day-dreams so witchingly bright,
And mark the last sunbeams, while sinking to rest.



ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

(Written in her twelfth year.)

Star of England! Brunswick's pride!
Thou hast suffer'd, droop'd, and died!
Adversity, with piercing eye,
Bade all her arrows round thee fly;
She marked thee from thy cradle-bed,
And plaited thorns around thy head! —
As the moon, whom sable clouds
Now brightly shows — now darkly shrouds —
So envy, with a serpent's eye,
And slander's tongue of blackest dye,
On thy pure name aspersions cast,
And triumph'd o'er thy fame at last!
But each dark tale of guilt and shame
Shall darker fly to whence it came!
A stranger in a foreign land,
Oppress'd beneath a tyrant's hand,
She drank the bitter cup of woe,
And read Fate's black'ning volume through!
The last, the bitterest drop was drank,
The volume closed — and all was blank!

ON THE

DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. * * * * *

I saw her when life's tide was high,
When youth was hov'ring o'er her brow,
When joy was dancing in her eye,
And her cheek blush'd hope's crimson glow.

I saw her 'mid a fairy throng,
She seem'd the gayest of the gay ;
I saw her lightly glide along,
'Neath beauty's smile, and pleasure's lay.

I saw her in her bridal robe,
The blush of joy was mounting high ;
I mark'd her bosom's heaving throb,
I mark'd her dark and downcast eye.

I saw her when a mother's love,
Ask'd at her hand a mother's care ;
She look'd an angel from above,
Hov'ring round a cherub fair.

I saw her not till cold and pale,
She slumber'd on death's icy arm ;
The rose had faded on her cheek,
Her lip had lost its power to charm.

That eye was dim which brightly shone ;
That brow was cold, that heart was still
The witch'ries of that form had flown
The lifeless clay had ceas'd to feel.

I saw her wedded to the grave;
 Her bridal robes were weeds of death
 And o'er her pale, cold brow, was hung
 The damp sepulchral icy wreath.

THE WHITE MAID OF THE ROCK.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

Loud 'gainst the rocks the wild spray is dashing,
 Its snowy white foam o'er the waves rudely splash-
 ing;
 The woods echo round to the bittern's shrill scream,
 As he dips his black wing in the wave of the stream;
 Now mournful and sad the low murmuring breeze
 Sighs lonely and dismal through hollow oak trees.
 The owl loudly hoots, while his lonely abode
 Serves to shelter the snake and the poisonous toad;
 Lo! the black thunder-cloud is spread over the skies,
 And the swift-winged lightning at intervals flies.
 The streamlet looks dark, and the spray wilder breaks,
 And the alder leaf dank, with its silver drops shakes;
 This dell and these rocks, this lone alder and stream,
 With the dew-drops which dance in the moon's silver
 beam,
 Are sacred to beings ethereal and light,
 Who hold their dark orgies alone and at night.
 Wild, and more wild, dashed the waves of the stream,
 The White Maid of the rock gave a shrill piercing
 scream;
 Down headlong she plunged 'neath the dark rolling
 wave,
 And rising, thus chanted a dirge to the brave.

"The raven croaks loud from her nest in the rock,
 The night-owl's shrill hooting resounds from the oak;
 Behold the retreat where brave Avenel is laid,
 Uncoffin'd, except by his own Scottish plaid!
 Long since has my girdle diminished to naught,
 And the great house of Avenel low has been brought;
 The star now burns dimly which once brightly shone,
 And proud Avenel's glory for ever has flown.
 As I sail'd and my white garments caught in the
 brake,
 'Neath the oak, whose huge branches extend o'er the
 lake,
 'Woe to thee! woe to thee! Maid of the Rock,'
 Cried the night-raven who builds in the oak;
 'Woe to thee! guardian spirit of Avenel!
 Where are thy holly-bush, streamlet and dell?
 No longer thou sittest to watch and to weep,
 Near the abbey's lone walls, and its turrets so steep!
 Woe to thee! woe to thee! Maid of the rock,'
 Cried the night-raven who builds in the oak!
 Then farewell, great Av'nel, thy proud race is run!
 The girdle has vanish'd—my task is now done."
 Then her long flowing tresses around her she drew,
 And her form 'neath the wave of the dark streamlet
 threw.

THE WEE FLOWER OF THE HEATHER.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Thou pretty wee flower, humble thing,
 Thou brightest jewel of the heath,
 Which waves at zephyr's lightest wing,
 And trembles at the softest breath;

Thou lovely bud of Scotia's land,
Thou pretty fragrant *burnie* gem,
By whisp'ring breezes thou 'art fann'd,
And greenest leaves entwine thy stem.

No raging tempest beats thee down,
Or finds thee in thy safe retreat ;
By no rough wint'ry winds thou'rt blown,
Safe seated at the dark rock's feet.



TO MY DEAR MOTHER IN SICKNESS.

Hang not thy harp upon the willow,
Mourn not a brighter, happier day,
But touch the chord, and life's wild billow
Will shrinking foam its shame away.

Then strike the chord and raise the strain
Which brightens that dark clouded brow ;
Oh ! beam *one* sunshine smile again,
And I'll forgive thy sadness now.

Tho' darkness, gloom, and doubt surround thee,
Thy bark, tho' frail, shall safely ride ;
The storm and whirlwind may rage round thee,
But thou wilt all their wrath abide.

Hang not thy harp upon the willow
Which weeps o'er every passing wave ;
Tho' life is but a restless pillow,
There 's calm and peace beyond the grave

AN ACROSTIC.

(Written in her eleventh year.)

THE MOON.

Lo! yonder rides the empress of the night!
 Unveil'd she casts around her silver light;
 Cease not, fair orb, thy slow majestic march,
 Resume again thy seat in yon blue arch.
 E'en *now*, as weary of the tedious way,
 Thy head on ocean's bosom thou dost lay;
 In his blue waves thou hid'st thy shining face,
 And gloomy darkness takes its vacant place.

THE SUN.

[IN CONTINUATION.]

Darting his rays the sun now glorious rides,
 And from his path fell darkness quick divides;
 Vapour dissolves and shrinks at his approach.
 It dares not on his blazing path encroach;
 Down droops the flow'ret, — and his burning ray
 Scorches the workmen o'er the new-mown hay.
 Oh! lamp of Heav'n, pursue thy glorious course,
 Nor till gray twilight, aught abate thy force.



HABAKKUK III, 6.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

When Cushan was mourning in solitude drear,
 When the curtains of Midian trembled with fear,

On the wings of salvation thy chariot did fly
 Thou didst stride the wide whirlwind and come from
 on high.

Earth shook, and before thee the mountains did bow;
 The voice of the deep thunder'd loud from below;
 Thy arrows glanced bright as they shot thro' the air,
 And far gleam'd the light of thy glittering spear;
 The bright orb of day paus'd in wonder on high,
 And the lamp of the night stood still in the sky.

ON READING A FRAGMENT CALLED THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

Sing on, sweetest songster the woodland can boast;
 Sing on, for it charms, tho' it sorrows my breast;
 The strains, tho' so mournful, shall never be lost,
 Till this throbbing bosom has murmur'd to rest.

The sweet Flower of the Forest on memory's page
 Shall bloom undecaying while life lingers near,
 Unhurt by the storms which around it shall rage,
 By sorrow's sigh fann'd, and bedew'd by a tear.

ZANTE.

(Written in her seventeenth year.)

She stood alone, 't was in that hour of thought,
 When days gone by, with fading fancies fraught

Steal o'er the soul, and bear it back awhile,
 Too sad, too heavy, or to weep or smile
 O'er all life's sad variety of woe,
 Which fades the cheek, and stamps upon the brow
 The deep dark traces of its passage there,
 In all the clouded majesty of care.
 That hour was twilight; and the shade of night,
 Which shuts the world and wickedness from sight,
 Was walking o'er the waters, while its train
 Of glittering millions danced along the main,
 And Zante, that fairy island fading fast,
 Seem'd first but faintly shadow'd, till at last
 Tower, minaret, and turret, dimm'd by night,
 Shone darkly grand, beneath Heav'n's silvery light.

And where was she, the lone one, for the sky
 Had blush'd, then faded slowly to her eye —
 Had deepen'd into darkness, till at last
 Night's deep, broad pinion had before her pass'd;
 And still she linger'd there, as noting not
 The lonely breathlessness of that sad spot;
 As heeding not the hour, the dreary sky,
 Or aught that lay beneath her moveless eye.

She was a being form'd to love, and blest
 With lavish Nature's richest loveliness.

Oh! I have often seen, in fancy's eye,
 Beings too bright for dull mortality.
 I've seen them in the visions of the night,
 I've faintly seen them, when enough of light
 And dim distinctness gave them to my gaze,
 As forms of other worlds, or brighter days.

Such was Ianthe, though perhaps less bright,
 Less clearly bright, for mystery and night
 Hung o'er her — she e'en lovelier seem'd,
 More calm, more happy, when dim twilight gleam'd
 Athwart the wave, than when the rude bright sun,
 As though in mock'ry, o'er her sad brow shone.

There was a temple, which had stood, where then
 Ianthe stood, and old and learned men
 Mused o'er its ruins, marking here and there
 Some porch, some altar, or some fountain, where
 In other days, the towers of faith were raised,
 Where victims bled, or sacred censers blazed ;
 There stood Ianthe, leaning on a shrine
 Which rose half mournfully, from 'neath the vine,
 Which as in seeming mock'ry had o'ergrown
 And twin'd its tendrils round its breast of stone ;
 Around the ruin'd columns, shaft and step,
 In undistinguish'd masses mould'ring slept,
 And little dreaming of the years gone by,
 Ere tyrant Time had hurl'd them from on high.
 The moon emerging from the cloud more bright
 The marble surface glitter'd in its light ;
 Ianthe mark'd it — tears will sometimes steal,
 From hearts which have perchance long ceas'd to
 feel —

She wept, and whether that cold trembling gleam
 Which shone upon the column, where the beam
 Fell on its brow, brought to her bleeding breast
 Those gusts of sorrow, grief, despair, distress,
 Or what it was I know not — but she wept
 O'er the wide ruin which around her slept ;
 Then as if scorning * * * * *

* * * * *

[Unfinished.]

THE YELLOW FEVER.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

The sky is pure, the clouds are light,
The moonbeams glitter cold and bright;
O'er the wide landscape breathes no sigh;
The sea reflects the star-gemm'd sky,
And every beam of Heav'n's broad brow
Glow's brightly on the world below.
But ah! the wing of death is spread;
I hear the midnight murd'ers tread;—
I hear the Plague that walks at night,
I mark its pestilential blight;
I feel its hot and with'ring breath,
It is the messenger of death!—
And can a scene so pure and fair
Slumber beneath a baleful air?
And can the stealing form of death
Here wither with its blighting breath?
Yes; and the slumb'rer feels its power
At midnight's dark and silent hour;
He feels the wild fire thro' his brain;
He wakes; his frame is rack'd with pain;
His eye half closed; his lip is dark;
The sword of death hath done his work;
That sallow cheek, that fever'd lip,
That eye which burns but cannot sleep,
That black parch'd tongue, that raging brai
All mark the monarch's baleful reign!

Oh! for one pure, one balmy breath,
To cool the sufferer's brow in death;

Oh! for one wand'ring breeze of Heav'n;
 Oh that one moment's rest were giv'n!
 'T is past; — and hush'd the victim's prayer;
 The spirit *was* — but *is* not there!

KINDAR BURIAL SERVICE,

VERSIFIED.

We commend our brother to thee, oh earth!
 To thee he returns, from thee was his birth!
 Of thee was he form'd, he was nourish'd by thee;
 Take the body, oh earth! the spirit is free.

Oh air! he once breath'd thee, thro' thee he surviv'd,
 And in thee, and with thee, his pure spirit liv'd;
 That spirit hath fled, and we yield him to thee;
 His ashes be spread, like his soul, far and free.

Oh fire! we commit his dear reliques to thee,
 Thou emblem of purity, spotless and free;
 May his soul, like thy flames, bright and burning arise,
 To its mansion of bliss, in the star-spangled skies.

Oh water! receive him; without thy kind aid
 He had parch'd 'neath the sunbeams or mourn'd in
 the shade;
 Then take of his body the share which is thine,
 For the spirit hath fled from its mouldering shrine.

THE GRAVE.

There is a spot so still and dreary,
 It is a pillow to the weary ;
 It is so solemn and so lone,
 That grief forgets to heave a groan.

There life's storms can enter never ;
 There 't is dark and lonely ever ;
 The mourner there shall seek repose,
 And there the wanderer's journey close.

RUINS OF PALMYRA.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Palmyra, where art thou, all dreary and lone ?
 The breath of thy fame, like the night-wind, hath
 flown ;
 O'er thy temples, thy minarets, towers and halls
 The dark veil of oblivion silently falls.

The sands of the desert sweep by thee in pride,
 They curl round thy brow, like the foam of the tide,
 And soon, like the mountain stream's wild-rolling
 wave,
 Will rush o'er, and wrap thee at once in thy grave.

Oh, where are the footsteps which once gaily flew
 O'er pavements, where now weep the foxglove and
 yew ?
 Oh where are the voices which once gaily sung,
 While the lofty-brow'd domes with melody rung ?

They are silent;—and naught breaks the chaos
of death;
Not a being now treads o'er the ivy's dull wreath,
Save the raging hyena, whose terrible cry
Echoes loud thro' the halls and the palaces high.

Thou art fallen, Palmyra! and never to rise,
Thou "queen of the east, thou bright child of the
skies!"
Thou art lonely; the desert around thee is wide,
Then haste to its arms, nor remember thy pride.

Thou'rt forgotten, Palmyra! return thee to earth;
And great be thy fall, as was stately thy birth;
With grandeur then bow 'neath the pinion of time,
And sink, not in splendour, but sadly sublime.

THE WIDE WORLD IS DREAR.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Oh say not the wide world is lonely and dreary!
Oh say not that life is a wilderness waste!
There's ever some comfort in store for the weary,
And there's ever some hope for the sorrowful breast.

There are often sweet dreams which will steal o'er
the soul,
Beguiling the mourner to smile through a tear,
That when waking the dew-drops of mem'ry may
fall,
And blot out for ever, the wide world is drear.

There is hope for the lost, for the lone one's relief,
Which will beam o'er his pathway of danger and
fear;

There is pleasure's wild throb, and the calm "joy of
grief,"

Oh then say not the wide world is lonely and drear!

There are fears that are anxious, yet sweet to the
breast,

Some feelings, which language ne'er told to the ear,
Which return on the heart, and there lingering rest,
Soft whispering, this world is not lonely and drear.

'T is true, that the dreams of the evening will fade,
When reason's broad sunbeam shines calmly and
clear;

Still fancy, sweet fancy, will smile o'er the shade,
And say that the world is not lonely and drear.

Oh then mourn not that life is a wilderness waste!

That each hope is illusive, each prospect is drear,

But remember that man, undeserving, is blest,

And rewarded with smiles for the fall of a tear.



FAREWELL TO MISS E. B.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Farewell, and whenever calm solitude's hour,
Shall silently spread its broad wings o'er your bower,
Oh! then gaze on yon planet, yon watch-fire divine,
And believe that my soul is there mingling with
thine.

When the dark brow of evening is beaming with
stars,
And yon crest of light clouds is the turban she wears,
When she walks forth in grandeur, the queen of the
night,
Oh ! then think that my spirit looks on with delight.

O'er the ocean of life our frail vessels are bounding,
And danger and death our dark pathway surrounding;
Destruction's bright meteors are dancing before,
And behind us the winds of adversity roar.

Oh ! then come, let us light friendship's lamp on the
wave,
If we're lost, it will shed its pure light o'er the grave,
Or 't will guide to the haven of Heaven at last,
And beam on when the voice of the trumpet hath
past.

THE ARMY OF ISRAEL AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT SINAI.

Their spears glittered bright in the beams of the sun ;
Their banners waved far, and their high helmets
shone ;
And their dark plumes were toss'd on the breast of
the breeze,
But the war-trumpet slumbered the slumber of peace.

He came in his glory, he came in his might,
His chariot the cloud, and his sceptre the light ;
The sound of his coming was heard from afar,
Like the roar of a nation when rushing to war.

'T was the great God of Israel, riding on high,
 Whose footstool is earth, and whose throne is the s
 He stood in his glory, unseen and alone,
 And with letters of fire traced the tablets of ston

The eagle may soar to the sun in his might,
 And the eye of the warrior flash fierce in the fight
 But say, who may look upon God the Most High
 Oh, Israel! turn back from his glory, or die.

The sun in its splendour, the fire in its might,
 Which devours and withers, and wastes from
 sight,
 Is dim to the glory which beams from his eye—
 Then, Israel, turn back—Oh! return, or ye die.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Gethsemane! there's holy blood
 Upon thy green and waving brow;
 Gethsemane! a God hath stood,
 And o'er thy branches bended low!

There, drops of agony have hung
 Mingled with blood upon his brow;
 For sin his bosom there was wrung,
 And there it bled for human woe.

There, in the darkest hour of night,
 Alone he watched; alone he prayed;
 Didst thou not tremble at the sight?
 A God reviled!—a God betrayed!

Gethsemane! so dark a scene
Ne'er blotted the wide book of time!
Oblivion's veil can never screen
So dark a deed, so black a crime!

THE TEMPEST GOD.

Hark! 't is the wheels of his wide rolling car,
They traverse the heavens and come from afar;
Sublime and majestic the dark cloud he rides,
The wing of the whirlwind he fearlessly strides,
The glance of his eye is the lightning's broad flame,
And the caverns re-echo his terrible name.

In the folds of his pinions, the wild whirlwinds sleep,
At his bidding they rush o'er the foam of the deep,
He speaks, and in whispers they murmur to rest,
And calmly they sink on the folds of his breast;
His seat is the mountain top's loftiest height;
He reigns there in darkness, the king of the night.

TO A DEPARTING FRIEND.

Farewell, and may some angel guide,
Some viewless spirit hover o'er thee;
Who, let or weal or woe betide,
Will still unchanging move before thee.

A hallow'd light shall burn at night,
 When sorrow's wave rolls drearily,
 And o'er thy way a cloud by day
 Shall cast its shadow cheerily.

Thy bark of pleasure o'er life's smooth sea
 Shall gallantly glide along ;
 Pray'rs and blessings thy breezes shall be,
 And hope be thy parting song.

Go then ; I have given the spirits charge
 To watch o'er thee now and for ever ;
 To smooth life's waters, and guide thy barge
 Where tempest shall toss it never.

TO MAMMA.

Thy love inspires the Story Teller's tongue.
 To tales of hearts with disappointment wrung,
 Thy love inspires ;—fresh flows the copious stream,
 And what's not *true*, let fruitful fancy dream.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE PARTING OF DECOURCY AND
 WILHELMINE.

(Written in her fourteenth year.)

1. Lo! enthron'd on golden clouds,
 Sinks the monarch of the day ;
 Now yon hill his glory shrouds,
 And his brilliance fades away.

2. But as it fled, one ling'ring beam
 Play'd o'er yon spire, which points on high;
 It cast one bright, one transient gleam,
 Then hast'ned from the deep'ning sky
3. Lo! the red tipp'd clouds remain
 But to tell of glories past;
 Mark them gath'ring o'er the plain,
 Mark them fade away at last.
4. The lake is calm, the breeze is still,
 Nor dares to whisper o'er a leaf;
 And nothing save the murm'ring rill,
 Can give the vacant ear relief.
5. Around yon hawthorn in the vale,
 White garments float like evening mist
 'Tis Wilhelmine, and cold and pale
 A simple marble stone she kiss'd.
6. She knelt her by a lowly tomb,
 And wreath'd its urn anew with flowers;
 She taught the white rose there to bloom,
 And water'd it with sorrow's showers.
7. Like raven's wing, her glossy hair
 In ringlets floated on the gale,
 Or hung upon a brow as fair
 As snow-curl crested in the vale.
8. And her dark eye which rolls so wild,
 Once brightly sparkled with hope's light,
 For Wilhelmine was pleasure's child,
 When fortune's smiles shone sweetly bright.

* * * * *

9. Decourcy lov'd—the morn was clear,
And fancy promis'd bliss;
For now the happy hour was near,
Which made the maiden his.
10. And Wilhelmine sat smiling sweet
Beneath the spreading tree,
Her nimble foot was quick to meet,
Her glancing eye to see.
11. Decourcy came upon his steed,
His brow and cheek were pale;
Speak—speak, Decourcy, cried the maid,
'Tis sure a dreadful tale.
12. My love, my Wilhelmine, cried he,
Be calm and fear thee not;
In battle I will think on thee,
And oh, forget me not.
13. Adieu! he clasp'd her to his breast,
And kiss'd the trickling tear
Which 'neath her half-clos'd eyelids prest
And ling'ring glist'ned there.
14. He gazed upon that death-like face,
So beautiful before;
He gazed upon that shrine of grace,
And dared to gaze no more.
15. He trembled, press'd his burning brow,
And clos'd his aching eyes;
His limbs refuse their office now,
The maid before him lies.

16. But hark! the trumpet's warlike sound
 Echoes from hill to vale;
He caught the maiden from the ground,
 And kiss'd her forehead pale.
17. Why should Decourcy linger there,
 When the bugle bids him speed?
One long last look of calm despair,
 And he springs upon his steed;
18. He strikes the sting of his bloody spur
 In his foaming courser's side,
And he gallops on where the wave of war
 Rolls on with its bursting tide.
19. Whose was the sword that flashed so bright,
 Like the flaming brand of heaven?
And whose the plume, that from morn till night
 Was a star to the hopeless given?
20. 'T was thine, Decourcy! that terrible sword
 Hath finished its work of death,
And the hand which raised it on high is lowered
 To the damp green earth beneath.
21. The sun went down, and its parting ray
 Smiled sorrow across the earth,
The light breeze moaned — then died away,
 And the stars rose up in mirth.
22. And the timid moon looked down with a smile
 On the blood-stained battle ground,
And the groans of the wounded rose up the while
 With a sad heart-rending sound,

23. While the spectre-form of some grief-worn man,
Steals slowly and silently by,
Each corpse to note—each face to scan,
For his friend on that field doth lie.
24. But whose is the figure dimly seen
By the trembling moon-beam's light?
'T is the form of the weeping Welhelmine,
And she kneels by the slaughtered knight.
25. Weep not for the dead, for he died 'mid the din,
And the rapturous shouts of strife,
And the bright sword hath ushered his soul within
The portals of future life.
26. Weep not for the dead! who would not die
As that gallant soldier died?
With a field of glory whereon to lie,
And his foeman dead beside.
27. A year passed by, and a simple tomb
Rose up 'neath a willow tree,
'T was decked with flowers in vernal bloom
As fresh as flowers could be;
28. And oft as the twilight's dusky gleam
O'er the scene was gently stealing,
The form of the sorrowful maid was seen
By the grave of her lover kneeling.
29. But wild is the glance of her dove-like eye,
And her cheek, oh how pale and fair!
And the mingled smile, and the deep drawn sigh,
Show that reason's no longer there.

30. Another year passed, and another grave
 'Neath the willow tree is seen ;
 By the side of her lover, Decourcy the brave,
 Lay the corpse of Wilhelmine.



LOVE, JOY, AND PLEASURE.

AN ALLEGORY.

(Written in her fifteenth year.)

The night was calm, the sky serene,
 The sea a mirror display'd,
 On its bosom the twinkling stars were seen,
 The moon-crested waves were dancing between,
 And smiling through evening's shade.

On that placid sea Pleasure's bark was riding,
 Love and Joy were its guides through the deep,
 And their hearts beat high, while on fortune con-
 fiding,
 They smil'd at the forms that were gloomily striding,
 O'er the brow of the wave-wash'd steep.

Those forms were Malice, and Scorn, and Hate,
 And they flitted around so dark,
 That they seem'd like the gloomy sisters of Fate,
 Intent on some dreary, some deadly debate,
 To ruin the beautiful bark.

But the eye of Joy was raised on high,
She gaz'd at the moon's pale lamp,
The tear of Pleasure shone bright in her eye,
And she saw not the clouds which were passing by,
Death's messengers dark and damp.

And Pleasure was gazing with childish glee
At the beacon's trembling gleam,
Or watching the shade of her wings in the sea,
With their colours as varied and fickle as she,
As fleeting as Folly's dream.

And Love was tipping his feathery darts,
And feeding his flaming torch,
He was tinging his wings with the blood of hearts,
He was chaunting low numbers, and smiling by
starts
At the flowers 'round Hymen's porch.

Meanwhile the clouds were gath'ring drear,
They hung 'round the weeping moon,
And still the mariners dream'd not of fear,
Still in Joy's bright eye beam'd the brilliant tear,
Which sorrow would claim too soon.

The voice of the tempest-god rolled around,
The bark towards heaven was toss'd ;
Then, then the fond dreamers awoke at the sound,
And Pleasure, the helmsman, in agony found
That the light-house fire was lost.

Loud and more loud the billows roar,
The ocean no more is gay,
Love dreams of his pinions and arrows no more,
Joy mourns the hour that she left the shore,
And Pleasure's bright wings fade away.

Then Malice sent forth a shadowy bark,
Which, bounding o'er the wave,
Came like a meteor's brilliant spark,
A star of light 'mid the tempest dark,
A beacon of hope from the grave.

Joy onward rush'd to the airy skiff
Which near them gaily drew,
But ah! she sank to the arms of Grief,
For the bark, which promised them sure relief
Away like lightning flew.

Then the smile of Scorn and Malice gleam'd
Across the billow's foam,
And long and loud fell Hatred scream'd
With fiend-like joy, as the lightning stream'd
Around their forms of gloom.

On, on, they drifted before the gale;
Again the signal rose;
Joy and Pleasure the beacon hail,
Love's ashy cheek becomes less pale
As clearer and brighter it glows.

'T was Hope who fired the beacon high,
And she came with her anchor of rest,
And Faith, who raised towards heaven her eye,
Spoke peace to the storm of the troubled sky,
And calm to the weary breast.

And Charity came with her robe of light,
And she led the wanderers home,
She warmed them and wept o'er the woes of the
night.
And she welcomed them in with a smile so bright,
That Pleasure forgot to roam.

And she led them to Religion's shrine,
Where Hope was humbly kneeling,
And *there* the tears of Joy did shine
With a light more dazzling, more divine,
They were mingled with tears of feeling.

There Love's wild wings shone calmly bright,
As over the altar he waved them ;
There Pleasure folded her pinions light,
And fondly gazed with a sacred delight
On the scroll which Charity gave them.

MY LAST FAREWELL TO MY HARP

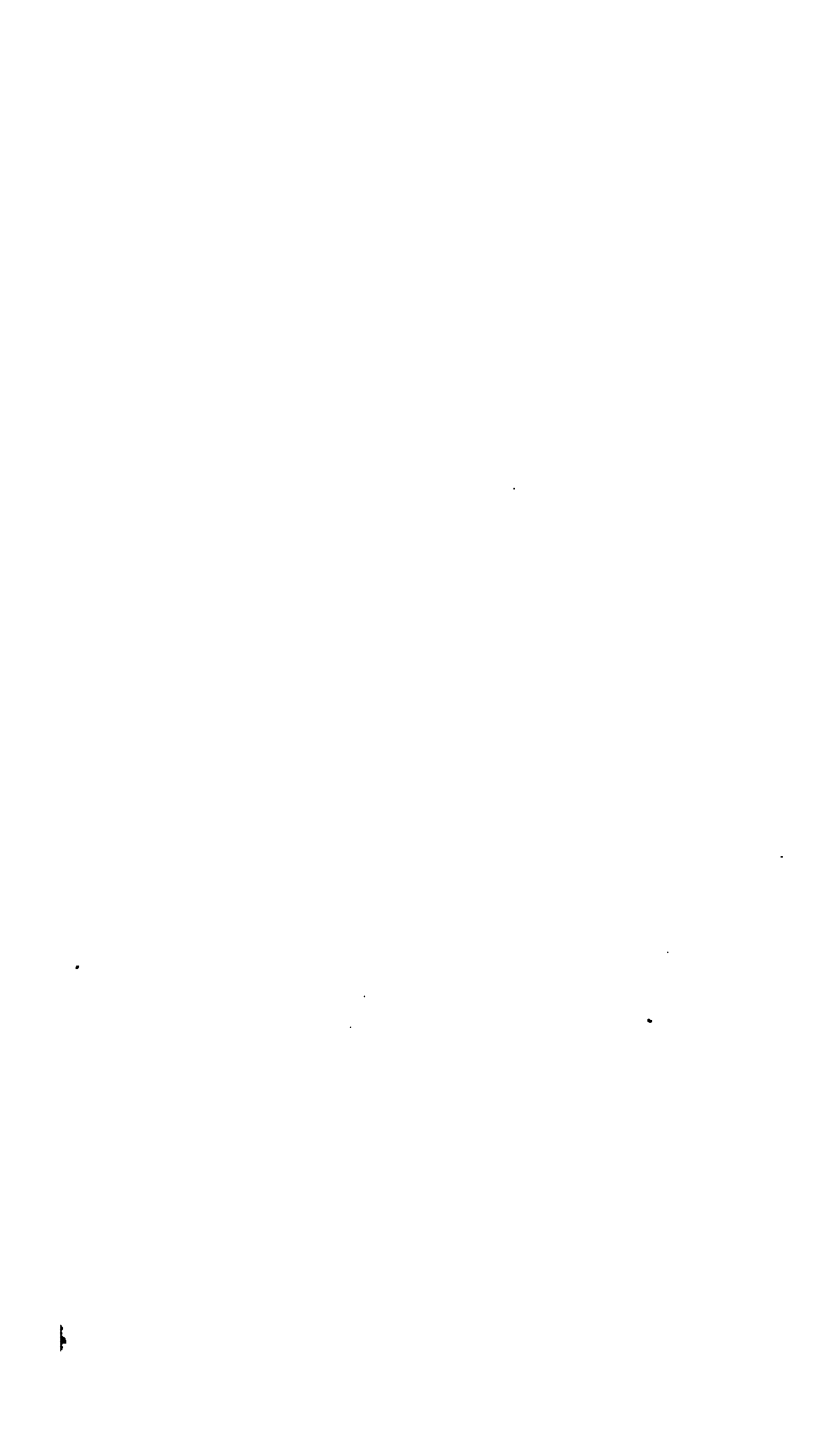
And must we part ? yes, part for ever ;
I'll waken thee again—no, never ;
Silence shall chain thee cold and drear,
And thou shalt calmly slumber here.
Unhallowed was the eye that gazed
Upon the lamp which brightly blazed,
The lamp which never can expire,
The undying, wild, poetic fire.
And Oh ! unhallowed was the tongue
Which boldly and uncouthly sung ;
I bless'd the hour when o'er my soul,
Thy magic numbers gently stole,
And o'er it threw those heavenly strains,
Which since have bound my heart in chains ;
Those wild, those witching numbers still
Will o'er my widow'd bosom steal.

I blest that hour, but Oh ! my heart,
Thou and thy Lyre must part ; yes, part ;
And this shall be my last farewell,
This my sad bosom's latest knell.
And here, my harp, we part for ever ;
I'll waken thee again, Oh ! never ;
Silence shall chain thee cold and drear,
And thou shalt calmly slumber here.



SPECIMENS
OF
PROSE COMPOSITION.

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COLUMBUS.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

WHAT must have been the feelings of Christopher Columbus, when, for the first time, he knelt and clasped his hands, in gratitude, upon the shores of his newly-discovered world? Year after year has rolled away; war, famine, and fire have alternately swept the face of that country; the hand of tyranny hath oppressed it; the footstep of the slave hath wearily trodden it; the blood of the slaughtered hath dyed it; the tears of the wretched have bedewed it; still, even at this remote period, every feeling bosom will delight to dwell upon this brilliant era in the life of the persevering adventurer. At that moment, his name was stamped upon the records of history for ever; at that moment, doubt, fear, and anxiety fled, for his foot had pressed upon the threshold of the promised land.

The bosom of Columbus hath long since ceased to beat—its hopes, its fears, its projects, sleep, with him, the long and dreamless slumber of the grave; but while there remains one generous pulsation in the human breast, his name and his memory will be held sacred.

When the cold dews of uncertainty stood upon his brow; when he beheld nothing but the wide heavens above, the boundless waters beneath and around him; himself and his companions in that little bark, the only beings upon the endless world of sky and ocean

when he looked back and thought upon his native land; when he looked forward, and in vain traversed the liquid desert, for some spot upon which to fix the aching eye of anxiety; oh! say, amidst all these dangers, these uncertainties, whence came that high, unbending hope, which still soared onward to the world before him? whence that undying patience, that more than mortal courage, which forbade his cheek to blanch amid the storm, or his heart to recoil in the dark and silent hour of midnight? It was from God—it was of God—His Spirit overshadowed the adventurer! By day, an unseen cloud directed him—by night, a brilliant, but invisible column moved before him, gleaming athwart the boundless waste of waters. The winds watched over him, and the waves upheld him, for God was with him—the whirlwind passed over his little bark, and left it still riding onward, in safety, towards its unknown harbour—for the eye of Him who pierces the deep was fixed upon it.

Columbus had hoped, feared, and had been disappointed; he had suffered long and patiently—he had strained every faculty, every nerve; he had pledged his very happiness upon the discovery of an unknown land; and what must have been the feelings of his soul, when, at length bending over that very land, his grateful bosom offered its tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the Being who had guarded and guided him through death and danger? He beheld the bitter smile of scorn and derision fade before the reality of that vision, which had been ridiculed and mocked at; he thought upon the thousand obstacles which he had surmounted; he thought upon those who had regarded him as a self-devoted enthusiast, a visionary madman, and his full heart throbbed in gratitude to Him whose Spirit had inspired him, whose voice had sent him forth, and whose arm had protected him.

ALPHONSO IN SEARCH OF LEARNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

(Written in her eleventh year.)

EARLY one morning Alphonso set out in search of Learning. He travelled over barren heaths and over rocks, and was often obliged to ford rivers, which seemed almost impassable; at last, completely exhausted, and at a loss what road to take, he sat down desponding by the side of a rapid river. Soon a passenger approached with whom Alphonso entered into conversation, and at length asked him where he was going. I am, replied the stranger, seeking Fame, and already by her trump has my name been sounded in her courts. She has promised to *immortalize* my name; follow me, and you shall richly reap the reward of your labour. I also, answered Alphonso, have a road to pursue, which leads to Fame, but it is through Learning that I must reach her courts, and then shall I enjoy the fruits of my toil, in proportion to the hardships with which I have acquired it. Can you tell me where she can be found?

You see, replied the stranger, yonder hills which rise one upon the other, as far as the eye extends; far, far beyond *them*, whose every precipice you have to climb, Learning resides. Her temple is pleasant, but few there are who gain it; many, indeed, have gone beyond these foremost hills, but stumbling, they have been dashed to pieces on the rocks, but still they have had the reputation of having reached her temple, and their names are recorded in the roll of Fame. Thus

saying, the stranger proceeded on his journey, and left Alphonso in doubt whether to pursue the dangerous road of which the stranger had warned him, or to follow him to more easily acquired fame.

At last Wisdom came to his assistance, and he resolved not to give up his search after Learning. He proceeded therefore, and had reached the foot of the hill, when he was met by another person, who inquired whither he was going? I am in pursuit of Learning, replied Alphonso. What! do you intend climbing yonder rugged and tiresome hill? I do, answered Alphonso.

Indolence is my companion, said the stranger: I found her in yonder valley. I toiled not for her, and without toil, I enjoy ease; on the other hand, Learning cannot be obtained without labour; go with me, and you shall enjoy life. Alphonso, partly fatigued with his long walk, and partly discouraged by the rugged appearance of the hill, consented. After walking on sometime in a beautiful valley, Alphonso began to discover that his new companion was flat and insipid, that he had exhausted all his little fund of knowledge in the beginning of their journey, and that he now scarcely said anything. Thus continuing dissatisfied, not with the path, but with the companion he had, they entered a beautiful meadow, in which there was an arbour, called the arbour of Indolence, and there they lay down to rest; but before Alphonso slept, a warning voice sounded in his ear, "awake, for destruction is at hand." He heeded it not, and with his senses slept his conscience.

When they arose to pursue their journey, a tempest gathered; thick clouds were in the heavens, all was black. Night's sable mantle was thrown over the horizon, and only now and then a flash of lightning, attended with a dreadful thunderbolt, showed them

both the dead waters of oblivion ; near them was the path which slides the unhappy deluded mortal down to its deep and noisome bed.

Alphonso's conductor, who had before appeared certain of being on safe ground, trembled and turned pale when he found himself in the fatal path. Alphonso was on the brink ! He receded ; his flesh grew cold, his eyeballs glared, and his hair stood on end. Presently he heard a low plashing of the dead waters of oblivion ; they closed with a sullen roar over the unhappy sufferer, and all was silent. This is the end of the careless votary of Indolence, thought Alphonso, as he turned from the dead waters of the lake. Let this be a lesson to me !

He stood in deep perplexity some time, not daring to turn back, and he knew it would be certain death to proceed ; but suddenly the clouds dispersed, the air was calm, and all was silent ; he blessed the returning light, and with new vigour, passed on his way in search of Learning. He was overjoyed, when he found himself out of the fatal vale of Indolence.

Again he viewed those hills which so discouraged him when they met his eye before, but now they appeared to him with a far different aspect, as he traced over them the path to Learning's happy temple.

He began his journey anew, and as he proceeded, the ascent was easier. When he reached the top of the hill, a few faint rays of the bright sun of Learning warmed his heart, and though faint, it was sufficient to kindle the slumbering fire of hope in his bosom. After he had reached the valley below, he saw a person crossing on the opposite side, with a light step, and an open ingenuous countenance.

Alphonso stopped him, and inquired, why he did not ascend the hill before him ? Because, said the stranger, " I seek Truth, and she dwells in the simple

vale of Innocence ; at her court there is no pomp, but there is peace ; she discloses her name to all ; some revile her, others say she is of no use to the world, that they are always as victorious without her assistance as with it. Her followers scarce ever suffer from the imputations of the vile, when they hold fast upon her garments. I can possess Truth and Innocence without Learning." Here the travellers parted—Alphonso to ascend the hill, the stranger to the vale of Innocence.

Without a companion in his solitary journey ; with no one to assist him on his way ; no one to raise him if he stumbled, Alphonso pursued his toilsome course. At length, casting his eyes to the top of the hill, he perceived standing on its summit a figure stretching out one hand to assist him, the other rested on an anchor, and a bright beam played around her brow. Alphonso hastened to ascend the hill, and when he approached, he clasped the outstretched hand of Hope, for that was the name of the fair form, and imprinted it with kisses. Hope smiled affectionately upon him, and with these encouraging words addressed him : " Alphonso ! I come to conduct you to the temple of Learning ; you have overcome alone the greatest obstacles, you shall now have a conductor."

As they came to frightful precipices, where unfortunate mortals had been dashed headlong, for daring to approach too near its edge, Hope would catch his hand and conduct him to safer ground. At last, through many difficulties, hazards, and reproaches, Alphonso came in sight of the temple of Learning. The sun was just sinking, and it illumed the edges of the fleecy floating clouds with a golden hue. Its last beam played upon the glittering spire of the temple ; Alphonso could scarce believe his eyes, They reached

the threshold. After so many toils, so many dangers, he had now acquired the object of his hopes.

They stood a moment, when the door was opened by a grave-looking old man, who heartily welcomed them to the temple. As they entered, all was light: it burst upon his sight like some enchanted scene, where none but ætherial beings dwell. Irresistibly he cast his eyes up to the nave of the spacious hall, and beheld Learning seated upon a throne of gold. A bright sun emitted its cheering rays above his head. In one hand she held a globe, in the other a pen. Books were piled up in great order here, and in another place they were strewn in wild profusion. Ten of her favourite disciples were ranged on either hand, the swift-winged Genius with his beloved companion Fancy were seated at her right hand, and often did Genius cast an approving smile at the mistress of his heart and actions; she who had tamed the wild spirit of his temper, and taught it to follow in gentler, softer, and sweeter murmurs.

Hope now conducted Alphonso to the throne of Learning. She smiled as he humbly kneeled at her footstool, and taking a laurel from the hand of the delighted and willing Genius, she crowned the brow of the elated Alphonso. Fancy for a moment deserted the side of Genius and hovered over his laurel-crowned brow; then clapping her wings in delight, she again resumed her former station. Learning stretched forth her hand to him; arise, said she, you are destined by fate to fill this long vacant seat. Alphonso kissed the outstretched hand, and gratefully took his seat at the side of *Learning*.

SENSIBILITY.

IN this delicate emotion of the human mind there is a mixture of danger and delight ; it may be indulged moderately, with pleasure to its possessor, but uncontrolled, it brings in its train a succession of ideal miseries, and sensations of acute pain or exquisite delight.

It often causes the heart to shrink with sensitive horror from difficulties in the path of life slightly noticed, or scarcely perceptible to the mind well governed by reason, or fortified by principle. Lively sensibility may be considered as the key-stone of the heart ; it often unguardedly unlocks the treasures confided to its care, and pouring forth the full tide of feeling, the warmest impulses of the soul are wasted upon trifles or squandered on objects insignificant to the eye of reason, and frequently exposes the feeling heart to contempt and ridicule.

Deep and delicate sensibility, that feeling of the soul which shrinks from observation and pours itself forth in secret calm retirement, must certainly by its dignity and sacred character cause feelings of reverence for its possessor. Jesus wept over the grave of his departed friend, his sensibility was aroused, and he shed tears of sorrow over the dark wreck of a once noble fabric in the mouldering remnants of mortality before him. His prophetic soul gazed upon wide scenes of future desolation. He felt for the miseries of mankind ; he pitied their folly and wept over the final destruction of the human frame, undermined by sin and borne down by death.

THE HOLY WRITINGS.

THROUGH the whole of this sacred volume may be traced the finger of a God! It is overshadowed by his arm, and his spirit walks forth in the sublimity of his commandments. What are the mad revilings of the scoffer? They are like burning coals which fall back upon the head of him who hurled them, leaving the object of his rage uninjured. What are the most philosophic works of mankind when placed in comparison with it? They sink into nothing. What are the brilliant shafts of human wit when directed against it? They are as the gilded wing of the butterfly, fluttering feebly against the nervous, the resistless pinion of an eagle. What are all the immense magazines of learning beside it, but a boundless heap of chaff? Yes; the vast edifices of human knowledge reared by the restless hand of ingenuity, and bedecked with all the gaudy trappings of eloquence, crumble into dust and fall prostrate in its presence, as did the heathen idol before the ark of the living God!

Do we ask eloquence? Where can it be found more pure than from the mouth of him whose voice of mercy is a murmur, and whose anger speaks in wrathful thunders? Do we ask sublimity? The eagle in its flight toward heaven is less sublime than the hallowed words of its Maker. Do we ask simplicity? What is more touchingly so, than the language of the sacred volume? Do we ask sweetness or tenderness? The breath of summer is less sweet than the Almighty's offered mercies. The fabled bird which sheds her blood for the nourishment of

her innocent offspring, is cruel in comparison with him, who bled, who died, for those who cursed and tortured him. Do we ask grandeur, wildness or strength? Look there! there upon the law of him whose very self is grandeur, whose glance is lightning, and whose arm is strength.

The hand of the impious and the envious may hurl the dust of derision upon this sacred volume: still, it will shine on, brighter and brighter, while time shall be!

CHARITY.

THE sacred volume exhorts us to Charity. How carefully then should we cherish this kindly feeling, this spark from the fountain of life, that it may beam forth undimmed, and with its pure and friendly light, cast a ray over our many imperfections, in that day when all will stand in need of mercy and forbearance!

It is not the bare distribution of alms to the needy and suffering beggar, it is not the pompous offerings of opulence to the shrinking child of poverty, which constitutes true charity;—no; it is to be understood in a far wider sense; it is forbearing to join with the multitude, when trampling upon a fallen fellow-creature. It is the voice of charity which pleads for the wretched and the penitent, which raises the prostrate, and whispers forgiveness for the past, and hope for the future. It is her hand which pours the balm of consolation into the lacerated bosom of the returning wanderer; who dares not look back upon the past, and whose heart shrinks as it meets the cold and averted glances of those, who in the hour of its pride had bowed before it.

We are all liable to err. Let us make the situation of the suffering penitent our own. Where are the friends we had fondly fancied ours? fled, as from the breath of pestilence, and we are desolate; left with the arrow of adversity rankling in our bosoms, like the stricken deer by the selfish herd, to perish in solitude and wretchedness.

There is no heart so hardened and depraved, that

it will not, when the soft voice of charity whispers peace and forgiveness, yield like wax beneath the hand which stamps it. Then is the moment to impress upon it the sacred precepts of virtue, and to place the bright rewards of penitence before it. "Let us then do as we would that others should do unto us;" have mercy upon the fallen, and stretch forth the hand of charity to the suffering and the penitent.

REMARKS ON THE IMMORALITY OF THE STAGE.

WHY is it that the ear of modesty must be shocked by the indelicacy and immorality which obstinately clings to the stage, that vehicle of good or evil, that splendid engine whose movements may shed a halo of brilliancy around it, or leave behind the blackened traces of its desolating progress?

Can the eye of innocence gaze even upon the mimic characters of vice, or the ear of delicacy become familiarized to the rude and boisterous, or the more dangerously subtle insinuations of depravity, without quitting the fascinating scene less fastidious in its feelings, less sensible to the bold intrusions of barefaced wickedness? No:— though the change be slow and almost imperceptible, still it will not be the less certain, the fatal poison will creep to the very vitals of virtue, and stamp deep stains upon the spotless tablet of innocence.

Must then all that is bright and pure be shut out from those scenes of fascination, and delight? Must that very purity which should be cherished and guarded as a sacred deposit, be converted into a chain

wherewith to shackle the amusements of its possessor? Would not the frequent indulgence of this amusement, be holding forth a strong temptation to those who are but partially fortified in the principles of rectitude to overleap the crumbling ill-formed barrier, and plunge at once into the boundless ocean of vice and immorality?

Oh why will not authors, those helmsmen in the mighty vessel of improvement, dash the countless stains from the charts which they are holding to our eyes, and transform their blackened pages to pure, spotless records of truth and virtue? Then we should no longer mark the blush of offended modesty mantling the cheek of sensibility, or the frown of disapprobation clouding the pure brow of refinement and morality. The stage would then become the guardian and the friend, instead of the fell destroyer of all that is pure and virtuous in the human breast.



CONTEMPLATION OF THE HEAVENS.

To count the glittering millions of the sky, to marshal them in bright array before us, to mark the brilliant traces of a Creator's presence, the foot-prints of the Deity, is a hallowed and sublime employment of the soul; for being insensibly led onward from gazing upon the portals of heaven, the wonderful threshold of God's wide pavilion, it dares to lift itself in pure and unearthly communion, with the Holy Spirit that inhabits there, and to bow in adoration and praise before the great I AM.

To a feeling mind, the heavens unroll a vast volume, filled with subjects of wonder, love, and praise.

Wonder, at the inconceivable majesty and goodness of the great Creator of so vast, so splendid a system; love, for his condescension in deigning to bend his attention to so insignificant a creature as man, even in the meridian of his earthly glory; and praise, for his unchangeable benevolence, infinite wisdom, and perfection. What hand but that of a God could have formed the wide solar system above us? what voice but that of Him who created them, could bid the starry millions move on for thousands of ages in one unbroken and unceasing march? The lights of heaven are bright and beautiful, still they are but feeble beams from the everlasting fountain of splendour, or wandering sparks of Heaven's dazzling glory. Well indeed might Zoroaster, in the enthusiasm of his heart, worship the fires of Heaven as parts of that ineffable and never-dying spirit which animates and lives in all, through all eternity.

In the dark ages of superstition and bigotry, was it strange that he should turn in disgust from the sacrifices of blood, from horrid images the disgraceful productions of weak bewildered minds, to a fount of pure, unchanging, living light, to the brilliant fires above him, holding their unbroken paths through Heaven, pointing to God's throne, and whispering to the heart of something still more bright, more beautiful and holy?

THE ORIGIN OF CHIVALRY.

When society first began to form itself, rank and authority became necessary to subdue the wild and impetuous passions which raged unbridled in the savage bosom of man; oppression and vassalage first appeared in the form of feudal government, each family looked up to its head, as each kingdom does now, to his sovereign,—his will was absolute, and his power unbounded in his castle and dominions.

In this way the rights of man were partially secured, the vassal was bound to serve and succour his lord in the hour of danger, as it was that lord's duty to support and protect his serf;—but in those rude and barbarous ages, where was weak and helpless woman to find a shelter from the wild and lawless multitude? and what tribunal was there to which she could appeal if injured? when man was contending with man for superiority, or right, where could she fly for redress? could the feeble voice of woman be heard amid the uproar? no!—but it arose, though in murmurs, to the ear of her Maker, and that very evil which menaced her destruction, proved her blessing.

In the dark ages of the world, woman held not that rank in society which a more enlightened age has allotted her; she was deemed merely the slave of man's tyrannical will, the tool of his pleasure—too weak to defend herself, and too insignificant to claim the protection of the lords of the creation.—As the sun of Religion arose upon the world, the dark clouds of contention arose with its light,—arms were the arguments which were unanimously chosen to decide every controversy; the sword was the test of

merit,—and the hand which wielded it with the greatest dexterity was chosen to direct the community.

The youthful soldier, ardent and enthusiastic, was ever in search of some object on which to display his valour: the fair sex at length caught and fixed his attention,—tournaments and feats of arms were instituted to display his devotion to the cause of beauty and virtue in distress, and love and religion were blended—love became wildly romantic, religion was enthusiastically venerated—the name of woman was held as sacred as that of religion, and both, as dear to the heart of every knight-errant as that of the idol, Honour! they were blended with each other—the passions held the reins, and religion, though contemplated with enthusiasm, was too often made to bow before the shrine of love and romance.

THE END.



